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OPENING OF THE ANTWERP INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, MAY 5: COUNT DE PRET READING THE ADDRESS TO THE KING.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There are often reasons why a gentleman who has engaged himself to a lady should not be married to her; a very good and not an uncommon one is that he is married already, but even that does not always avert an action for breach of promise. An excuse, however, has at last been discovered by a legal intellect, mindful of the maxim *Actio personalis moritur cum persona*, of evading all obligations. His "tip" is to send a telegram as if from one's uncle: "Poor nephew died very suddenly on such a day—blood-poisoning." There will be no falsehood if your uncle has really thus lost a nephew on that date, which by a piece of good luck (to the other nephew) happened to take place in this case. It was merely an exchange (of persons) which, by universal consent, is considered no robbery. Of course it gave rather a shock to the young lady, and she writes a very touching letter to his bereaved relative, concluding "My poor Jim! My heart is broken!" But we cannot make omelettes without breaking of eggs. By this ingenious device the faithless swain can now go and marry elsewhere; "the Rover" (so to speak) "is free." What I venture to think showed a want of consideration on his part was the possibility of the young lady's meeting him face to face upon a sudden somewhere—say the Burlington Arcade, and having a fit; but, it not being his risk, he took the risk of that. It was impossible for him to foresee that, being one day in Somerset House on other business, she should take a fancy (and, indeed, it seems rather a queer one) to see "My poor Jim's" death certificate, when it turned out to be Jack's.

Of course, it is a matter of taste, but while admiring the boldness and ingenuity of Jim's stratagem, this "playing possum" in order to avoid the fulfilment of an obligation does not strike one as good form. Even in that delightful letter of Charles Lamb addressed to his correspondent in India, in which he describes all their common friends as being dead, there is something that grates upon the ear of sensitiveness. There is something uncanny in making use of the next world, under any circumstances, for our present needs. It has always struck me that the Tichborne Claimant, in addition to his other audacities, showed a singular hardihood (though it was probably the result of the want of the imaginative faculty) in representing himself as the dead baronet. In the lonely watches of the night, I should in his place have been rather apprehensive of a personal call from Sir Roger; and, at all events, the reflection that when I came to die myself I might possibly meet him would have been uncomfortable. Wherever he was, he would certainly be much more at home than I would be. I should be like a new boy going to school and finding an old boy there with a ready-made grievance against me.

Philosophers and religious persons are wont, we read, to set down for their own moral and spiritual guidance various rules and short precepts; this system has been recently adapted by quite another sort of person, not so much for edification as for practical use. He is a very young man for so methodical an arrangement, being only sixteen, and has had serious trouble. At this moment, indeed, he stands committed for trial on five distinct charges of housebreaking and felony. An autograph document has been discovered in his possession headed "Instructions." Here are some of them: "Get a revolver and bullets from a shop; say your father wants it for rabbit-shooting. . . . Get some skeleton keys, and then you can go into plenty of places. . . . Get some chlorodyne from the chemist's, and put it on your handkerchief, and put it over someone's noses ['someone's noses' is a very original touch], which will send them unconscious. Then take all the expensive things he has. . . . If you have a desire for revenge on anyone, you can get some prussic acid, and, when you are handing him or her drink, put the acid in, or get some vitriol and throw it on someone's faces [again this peculiarity of grammar] in the dark. . . . Buy quicklime if you happen to kill anyone. Put the quicklime over him, that it will burn him away quickly." These practical apophthegms are concluded by an exhortation to valour: "Always go brave and bold when you are burgling." These admonitions are not, as in so many cases, mere verbal precepts, but have borne fruit with the writer.

If the time comes when, as some think, there will be no churches in England, preachers will probably still be found where they can get anybody to listen to them. The air is always open to them: even though there be no cathedrals, there may be still a Bishop of Hyde Park. A gentleman so denominated is, it seems, already there, and may be heard any Sunday afternoon. His ministrations, however, are not free from what, if he had a cathedral, would be called "brawlers." One of them discovered that his Lordship had a bottle in his pocket the other day, which excited his curiosity. "It is water!" observed the preacher with dignity. "It smells like gin," returned the other, snatching it out of his pocket and putting it to his lips; "and by jingo! it is gin!" Whereupon the bishop knocked him down, and there was a row. I remember a real bishop who, preaching for the first time in French in Jersey, aroused almost as much excitement by making a too

literal translation, and speaking eulogistically of *eau de vie*. But open-air congregations are particularly sensitive to any allusion to liquor. The Hyde Park prelate, who when off duty makes a living, it seems, by selling "good books," and has worked his diocese without even archidiaconal assistance for twelve years, was not at all pleased by the magistrate's observation that "if there was no preaching in the park there would be no fighting." Though not exactly orthodox, he claims to belong to the Church Militant.

Great indignation is expressed at the trouble and inconvenience, not to mention the alarm, which is being given to the police and others by the manufacture of bogus bombs. It is thought to be an excellent joke to get a piece of broken gas-pipe, filled with slate-pencil scrapings, and to leave it in a neat parcel, looking as wicked as it can, under the porch of some public building. Then the Government Inspector of Explosives is sent for, and the police stand round him (though at a considerable distance) while he puts the thing into hot water, and nothing comes of it. For once, or even twice, this may afford considerable amusement to the manufacturer, but when the novelty has worn off it would be difficult, one would think, for any but a congenital idiot to see where the joke lies. As a matter of fact, however, it evidently continues to give pleasure to a good many people. And while we reprobate the practice, it is to be observed that as the making of bogus bombs has become popular, the older branch of humour consisting in shooting you with a gun, according to promise (though when the person who pointed it at you said, "I'll shoot you," he didn't mean it) is distinctly on the decline. Only two people have been thus disposed of in the last month, where there used to be ten. This corroborates the view I have already expressed in these columns, that, grossly ignorant of what a good joke consists of as are the majority of the population of these isles, their humour is not necessarily confined to the presenting guns at the heads of their fellow-creatures. They only require something else in the way of fun to be suggested to them as a substitute; and in this connection bogus bombs may be considered as a safety valve. Instead of one of the many educational extras in the teachings of our School Boards, why should there not be some elementary class devoted to the development of humour. At the first start, it should be solely negative: the rising generation should be gently but firmly warned against the jokes which naturally occur to them; the plan of pulling his chair away as a fellow-creature is going to sit down should be denounced—not, of course, on account of its harmful results (which with boys would have no weight whatever) but of its contemptible crudeness. The filling with gunpowder a portion of a cigar as a gift to a friend and schoolfellow should come under the same condemnation; it will be no use to say that it has blown people's eyes out, but stress should be laid upon its having been done so often that it is only worthy of a very small and innocent child: that is the point which a boy of any soul and spirit will feel.

It will presently not be difficult to use the same arguments against the gun trick and the manufacture of bogus bombs, and eventually simple examples of really good jokes might be introduced, and the latent sense of humour (if it exists at all) be fostered and developed. It is quite possible (and likely) that the teachers themselves may not possess it, so that all extempore illustrations—what in theatrical language is called "gag"—should be discouraged. The School Board will apply to persons of reputation in this line for the supply of humorous "copy," which, though it may not be understood, will not meet, let us hope, with so much opposition as some of its other "circulars." After a generation or two the first principles of humour will thus be inculcated in our population, and in process of time we may not only see an end to their present feeble and mischievous practical jokes, but it will be necessary to provide something of a really amusing nature at their favourite places of resort. Wit will be introduced to the music-hall, and perhaps in time—who knows?—the standard of humour may be even raised in the House of Commons and our courts of law.

The crowning of the Queen of the May at Whitelands College the other day was a very pretty ceremony, and puts into practice one of those excellent precepts that only too often never emerge from print. The title is conferred for no eminence in "exams"—the three R's with "the use of the globes" are not even taken into the account—but for that sweetness of disposition which is thought but little of at Girton and Newnham in comparison with classical and mathematical attainments, but which, in reality, is the most precious of woman's possessions. The Queen is elected by her fellow-students, who are necessarily the best judges of her worth. She is crowned with apple-blossoms and decked with a gold chain and cross. One of the pleasantest of essayists and most graceful of poets tells us, fifty years ago: "All the worship of May Day is over now: there is no issuing forth in glad companies to gather boughs—no songs, no dances, no coronations. But fortunately, it does not follow that we shall continue in this condition. Commerce, while it thinks it is only exchanging commodities, is diffusing

knowledge." And he looks forward to a resuscitation of poetic feeling. It is a pity that he could not have seen the fulfilment of his prophecy in Mr. Ruskin's Queen of the May at Whitelands College.

The boycotting, whether of men or books, is a fashion exceedingly hateful to me. "Exclusive dealing," by whomsoever practised, is generally misdealing; but as to the matter about which my friend Dr. Conan Doyle has lately delivered himself, I think Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son have something to say for themselves. Whether they are right or not in the particular instance of exclusion that causes the present controversy I have no opinion to offer, but only on the general question. It is clear that the conductors of a library which circulates among both sexes, but chiefly among ladies, should not send out books unfit for their perusal unless they are asked for. Under present arrangements books which are asked for are often not at home, and boxes from the country are filled up by others, taken, I suppose, more or less at hazard. I do not think that the risk should be run of sending what might prove to be very strong meat to these delicate digestions. "The Young Person" has been very freely denounced as a hindrance to works of realistic genius, but she has a right to get what she subscribes for, and not what would seem to her very coarse reading. At the same time nothing can be more ridiculous than the notion of our library companies being the arbiters of what is to be read and what avoided: what the law permits to be published it would seem that it is their mission to circulate. Such very queer books, though chiefly written by the gentler sex, are, indeed, circulated nowadays that the fact of an objection being made to anything excites naturally great surprise, and the more so since we are assured that the volume now placed in the condemnatory Index has less claim to be there than other recent books of similar character. What would obviate all this difficulty is the addition of an annexe to the circulating library which should contain what used to be called, I think, in that of Mr. Bohn, extra volumes: works in no way objectionable in themselves, but unfitted for general reading. These would not then, as at present, be asked for in ignorance of the nature of their contents. If the march of intellect goes on as at present, and the Revolt of the Smart Female is successful, this, of course, need only be a temporary measure. It is now some years since a well-known hostess, alarmed by the conversation of her young friends in the drawing-room, is said to have inquired reprovingly, "Do you not think, my dears, it is almost time that we should join the gentlemen?" But young ladies have made great strides in the way of both colloquial and literary emancipation since her time.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" is the story of a minor sovereign with an understudy. His Majesty being unable to come up to time in order to perform an important official function, an heroic Englishman who is very like him (and has good, or, at all events, sufficient reasons for being so) undertakes to play his part for him. He does so at the request of certain loyal courtiers, who perceive the necessity of the case, since if the King does not appear in his capital, his brother and rival, Duke Michael, will obtain the crown and also the young lady affianced to his Majesty. The King is unable to express his own wishes upon the subject, being given to liquor, and at the crisis in question lying drunk in a cellar. It would seem impossible to construct an interesting and dramatic story out of such abnormal materials, but the author has succeeded in doing so. The love-passages between the understudy and the Princess Flavia, which under the circumstances would seem to suggest comedy, or even farce, are rendered with great force and skill. She does not know that he is not the King, but thinks him a greatly improved version of him; is probably much relieved, to start with, to find him sober, and likes him better and better every day. On the other hand, Duke Michael and his confederates are well aware that they are dealing with the wrong King, inasmuch as they have transferred the right one from his cellar to the fortress of Zenda, where he is kept prisoner. The action of the story, which is very striking, consists in the attempts to rescue his Majesty from the hands of his unnatural relative, in which the understudy exhibits the utmost disinterestedness, inasmuch as he has fallen in love with the Princess himself. Eventually his Majesty is rescued, and the understudy has to make his confession to her. "Heaven forgive me!" I said, "I am not the King." I felt her hands clutch my cheeks. She gazed at me as never man's face was scanned yet. And I, still silent, saw wonder born, and doubt grow, and terror spring to life as she looked. . . . Then suddenly she reeled forward and fell into my arms." But in the end she marries the real King. She says that "Love is not everything" (which one is sorry to hear from her mouth), "but that honour lies in being true to her country and her house." It is the first time that we have had the monarchical principle adduced as a reason for giving up a lover; but there are many things both new and strange in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Those persons who, like Mr. Howells, think Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope the greatest novelists England has produced, will not probably find much to admire in the volume, but almost all other readers will.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

FIRST NOTICE.

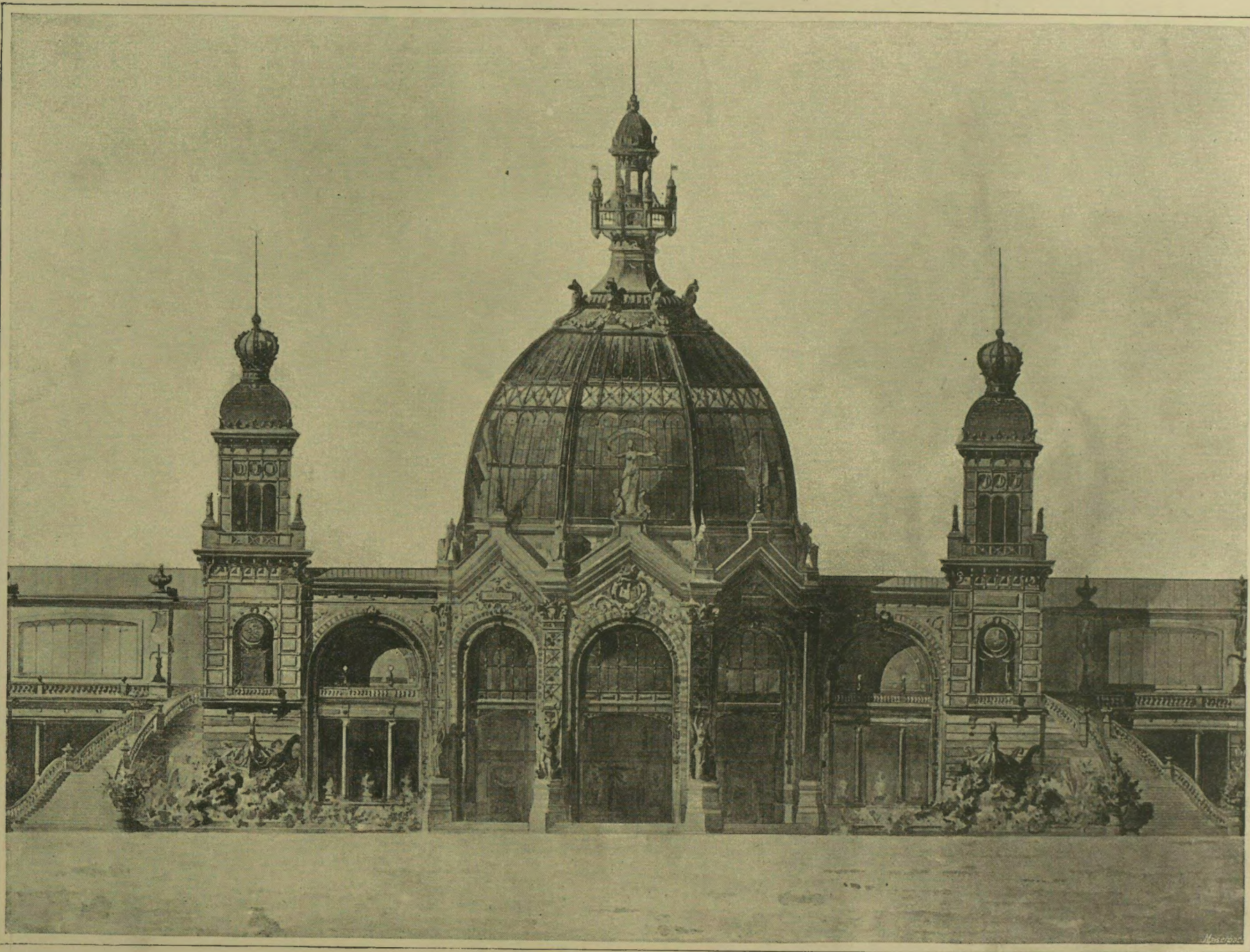
"It must be remembered that the exhibition of the Royal Academy is always to be taken as evidence of the taste of the employers, and not of what British artists can best paint." These words of B. R. Haydon, written more than half a century ago, when English art was, perhaps, at its lowest ebb, have at the present time scarcely less truth and force. Although a survey of the rooms at Burlington House shows that the *esprit nouveau* has breathed over the council chamber of the Royal Academy, and that the younger men are beginning to assert themselves and their more modern ideas; it is equally clear that a strong spirit of conservatism still holds its sway in the studios of some painters whose ideas on other matters are radical or revolutionary. We must, however, be grateful for the progress which this year's exhibition marks, a progress in which the younger men and the outsiders play the larger part. Not only are subjects treated more in conformity with the ideas of the day, but a much wider field of art is

He has succeeded in the difficult task of producing at once a pleasing and a graceful likeness, just touched with the shadow of the sorrow which has clouded the happiness of her earlier life. Mr. Herkomer is more successful in his strong homely treatment of Mr. Charles Thomas than in the official portrait of the Marquis of Salisbury in his robes as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Mr. Passmore Edwards by Mr. G. F. Watts, Mrs. Theyre Smith by Mr. Alma-Tadema, and Sir Francis Grenfell by Mr. Oulless, are excellent in their respective styles, although they follow the beaten ways; but such works as Mr. C. W. Furse's portrait of Mr. Robert Bridges, the poet, Mr. J. R. Reid's of Surgeon-Major Campbell, and Mr. Stanhope Forbes's of Mr. John Storr, show how the tide of taste is turning towards a more uncompromising realism on the one hand, while, on the other, such pictures as Mr. Solomon's portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Hacker's of Mr. Onslow Ford show that side by side with the realists is a school of portrait-painters who attempt to seize the inner life, as well as its outward presentment. The former is, however, marred by the exaggeration of light thrown upon the lady's neck and by the apparent absence of any body beneath her beautiful dress. Mr. William Carter's direct treatment of the Provost of Queen's College,

Prince Charles of Hohenzollern. At the grand entrance they were received by Count Pret Rooze de Colesberg, president of the executive committee, M. Hertogs, director-general, Count de Ramaix, M. Mols, and other members of the committee. There was a large assembly of distinguished persons, including the Ministers of State and Ambassadors, under the dome, where an address was read to the King. The royal party, conducted by the Count of Flanders, honorary president of the Exhibition, with M. de Bruyn, Minister of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Public Works, inspected different parts of the Exhibition. In the British section the King was accompanied by Sir Francis Plunkett, the British Minister, by whom Mr. De Courcy Perry, Sir Albert Rollit, Sir Charles Kennedy, Sir George Chubb, and others were presented to his Majesty. There was a musical performance, with a special cantata, in the great festival hall.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The opening, by the Prince of Wales, on May 2, of the new building at Kensington, between the Royal Albert Hall and the Imperial Institute, erected for the Royal College of Music, was performed with ceremony in the



THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION: MAIN ENTRANCE.
THE OPENING CEREMONY TOOK PLACE UNDER THE DOME.

recognised, and in proportion as art becomes catholic it gains at once freedom of style and freedom of imagination.

Within his own domain the President is without a rival. We have no living artist who is his equal in drawing or in the mastery of flowing lines and folded drapery. Perhaps in the estimation of some he has *le défaut de ses qualités*, and in this year, in such works as "The Spirit of the Summit" and "Fatidica," it is on draughtsmanship rather than colouring that he relies. In the charming little classical idyll "The Bracelet," Sir Frederick Leighton shows his power as a colourist; and here, unless the child at the woman's feet be a dwarf, he fails as a draughtsman. His only rival in point of finish is M. Bouguereau, whose "Amour Piqué" is the gem of the exhibition in this sense. Mr. Poynter's "Horæ Serenæ" well deserves the place of distinction assigned to it, and as a decorative work is full of beauty. It should have been treated as a triptych, for the picture naturally divides itself into three scenes, which are held together by the barest thread. Mrs. H. Rae's "Psyche before the Throne of Venus" is scarcely less commendable in the same way, and it has the advantage of being better composed. In the same room with the latter is Mr. T. C. Gotch's "Child Enthroned," which for completeness as a decorative work is almost without flaw, and although it is in part merely the echo of a small French school of art, it is so perfect that it well deserves a place on the line.

Among the portraits of the year the chief place will be assigned—by courtesy at least, and also by merit—to that of the Princess of Wales by Mr. L. Fildes.

Oxford, and the still more realistic group of young officers at mess who have risen to the toast of "Gentlemen! the Queen," by Mr. Chevallier Tayler, are instances of what can be achieved in one direction; whilst Mr. John Collier's of Professor Burdon-Sanderson, Sir J. Reid's of Professor Blackie, and Mr. Orchardson's of Professor Dewar are successful efforts in a totally different direction. Mr. Watts, it must be admitted, with all his power and insight, has failed to present to the public a satisfactory reminiscence of the late Sir Andrew Clark; but Mr. Niels Lund, Miss Maud Porter, and Mr. Laurence Koe take up a very prominent place amongst portrait-painters by the works to which their names are affixed.

THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION.

King Leopold II., on Saturday, May 5, at Antwerp, opened the International Exhibition of Arts and Industries. The British section, organised by Mr. Gerald de Courcy Perry, British Consul at Antwerp and Commissioner-General for this Exhibition, aided by Mr. Walter B. Harris and other able assistants, and by the committee in London, with the support of the Lord Mayor and the London Chamber of Commerce, makes a satisfactory appearance.

The King and Queen, arriving from Brussels at one o'clock, drove along the Antwerp Boulevards, hailed by popular acclamations, to the Exhibition on the south side of the city. Their Majesties were accompanied by the Count and Countess of Flanders, Princess Josephine, Princess Henrietta, Prince Albert of Belgium, and

presence of an assembly of three thousand persons. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and Princesses Maud and Victoria of Wales. They were met by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the Duchess of Connaught, and the Duchess of Albany. Some of the Cabinet Ministers, including the Lord Chancellor, the Home Secretary, and Earl Spencer, and some of the foreign Ambassadors, as well as the chief officers of the Royal Household, were present. The Prince of Wales was received by Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Vice-President, with Princess Christian, and by the Council of the College, with Mr. Sampson Fox, C.E., of Leeds, who has munificently given £45,000 to defray the cost of the building. The orchestra in the hall played the march from Gluck's "Alceste" and the overture to "Die Meistersänger." Mr. Sampson Fox read an address, to which a reply was read by the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness had opened the door with a golden key presented to him. An ode upon the glory of music, written by Mr. Algernon Swinburne, and set to music by Mr. Charles Wood, was sung in chorus, with the second stanza, a soprano part, sung by Miss Una Bruckshaw. The Bishop of London pronounced a benediction, and "God save the Queen" was sung, the first verse being given as a solo by Madame Albani. The royal party left the hall in procession, with the accompaniment of a march in D by Schubert, arranged for the orchestra by Mr. August Manns. They visited the interesting collection of antique musical instruments which Mr. Donaldson has presented to the College.



THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, MAY 2.

ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

The festival which precedes the opening of the Royal Academy is a sort of prize exhibition of the English gift for after-dinner oratory. That gift is not commonly supposed to be very widespread among our reticent race. They manage this, among other things, better in America. But nobody can question that Sir Frederick Leighton shows a laudable desire to spur his guests to a worthy ambition. His own speeches on an occasion of this kind are models of ceremonious art elaborately contrived, full of what the Bishop of Peterborough calls "stately

who touched a variety of topics in the style of Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill. The burden of Mr. Lang was a protest against "problems" in literature. He asked with the frank intolerance of a bookworm for nothing but "romance and fantasy" and humour in our fiction, and commended novelists to the example of the Fijians, who in their stories do not discuss the "propriety of cannibalism or the casuistry of polygamy." Mr. Lang pooh-poohed "actuality," which, he said, is only for the "distracted moment," "whereas true literature lives in the absolute." What we ought to crave for is any "outlet from ourselves and from to-day." Possibly some of

common life." If only he could impress this on the directors of railway companies when they are contemplating the erection of new stations! In this country, unfortunately, the pursuit of beauty in common life is exceedingly rare. Even in the Academy it is sometimes erratic. In response to the toast of his health, Sir Frederick Leighton congratulated his fellow-artists on an exhibition distinguished above all things by catholicity. "We are struck not with a concentration of aim or purpose in the school, but rather with a radiation and scattering of effort in innumerable directions." This merit was summed up by the President in the declaration,



THE PRESIDENT PROPOSES THE TOAST OF "THE QUEEN."

phrase" spoken by a "mellifluous tongue." If everybody spoke in this way the general effect would probably be rather artificial, but the advantage of the President's example is that his guests are put on their mettle. They speak according to their taste and fancy, but they struggle to reach, every man in his own way, the high level of their host. This year the company were fortunate in the presence of the Prime Minister, whose faculty of after-dinner speech is one of his most brilliant accomplishments. Lord Salisbury sat at the table an amused listener to a quip which had a direct reference to himself. In the course of a political address in the country, Lord Salisbury lately took occasion to "nail" some "lie" "to the counter," and Lord Rosebery paraphrased this by jocularly "nailing to the counter" the suggestion that he must be a political bagman because he had been travelling for the Ministerial firm. The Prime Minister was very happy in his banter of the old, vexed question of the proper costume for portraits. He repudiated the idea of going down to posterity in a swallow-tail coat, and suggested that some national costume should be devised for pictorial purposes, and tried on justices of the peace. Lord Rosebery was also very entertaining on the disfigurement of landscapes by medicinal advertisements. If the energy of that particular branch of commerce were not curbed, earth, sea, and sky would presently offer no fit theme to any painter. After Lord Rosebery there was a suitable sequence in the speech of Mr. Andrew Lang,

Mr. Lang's examples scarcely sustained this view of literature. It was Iago who said "Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus," and it is surely because Hamlet belongs to every one of us that he has a lasting hold upon the imagination. The forms of Shakspeare may be romantic, but the essence is often more realistic than the writings of the realists whom Mr. Lang cannot abide. Thackeray, too, who was cited by Mr. Lang, can scarcely be said to have striven to give us outlets of escape from ourselves. The last of the notable speeches at the banquet was made by the Bishop of Peterborough, who gave a happy description of the struggles of the painter with realities. There is no escape from themselves for the artist and the architect, "who is sometimes tempted to long for a harmless and discriminating earthquake." "The pursuit of beauty," said the Bishop, "is necessary for the dignity of our

"We are conscious of Life." Literally construed, this is not quite compatible with Mr. Andrew Lang's not for life, but for something, not ourselves, which makes for romance and fantasy. But, perhaps, we must not take the President *au pied de la lettre*. There will have to be a good deal more "irradiation and scattering" before the Academy can be said with precise accuracy to fulfil the President's very just ambition for the "eventual sure survival of the wholesome and the strong." However, of the Academy dinner, at all events, it may be said that there is a distinct survival of the piquant, and a not too forcible reminder of the ponderous.

PERSONAL.

The Right Rev. George Henry Sumner, D.D., whose resignation of the Suffragan Bishopric of Guildford is announced this week, has spent the whole of his life in the diocese of Winchester. It was in 1888 that he was raised to the episcopate as Suffragan to Bishop Harold Browne, and it is interesting to note that among those who took part in the consecration service was Bishop Thorold, now of Winchester, but then of Rochester. Dr. Sumner has rendered simply invaluable aid to the diocese of Winchester for many years past, but more especially since 1888. Bishop Thorold, in one of those trying illnesses with which he was seized shortly after his translation to Winchester, spoke of his Suffragan as his "sheet anchor," and in the current number of the *Diocesan Chronicle* he expresses his gratitude for "the ability, diligence, kindness, and wisdom which have uniformly characterised his labours." Bishop Sumner is a member of the University of Oxford. He graduated B.A. from Balliol College in 1845, and proceeded to his M.A. in 1848. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him in 1886, the year he was elected Prolocutor of the Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation in succession to Lord Alwyne Compton, now Bishop of Ely. His first and only curacy was at Crawley, to which he was ordained in 1847. Three years later he became Rector of Old Alresford, a position he occupied with much distinction for thirty-five years. He became Archdeacon of Winchester in 1884, and in 1885 he was appointed to a residentiary canonry in the Cathedral, both of which he will retain. He was appointed Bishop of Guildford in 1888, and always seemed to enjoy the most robust health. But in the autumn of 1892 he fractured his leg through an accident at Buxton, and he has been more or less invalided ever since. He has tried a prolonged period of rest, but the physicians advise him to retire from episcopal work, and he has accordingly placed his resignation in the hands of the Bishop of Winchester. His loss to the diocese will be very great.

Sir John Rigby, who becomes Attorney-General in succession to Sir Charles Russell, is distinctly one of the



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
SIR JOHN RIGBY, Q.C., M.P.,
New Attorney-General.

most popular men in the House of Commons. At first Sir John had a rather rough experience in his official capacity as Solicitor-General. In the debates on the Home Rule Bill, the Opposition used to delight in raising knotty points solely for the pleasure of calling on "Rigby" to settle them. This diversion was regarded by Sir John with so much good-humour that he became a great favourite with his political opponents, who have hailed his present promotion with much cordiality. A less lawyer-like personage to look at was never seen in public life. Sir John Rigby combines the geniality of an ocean skipper with the unction of a Methodist divine, a unique association which accounts for much of his popularity. The new Attorney-General, like the new Solicitor-General, Mr. Robert Reid, is a representative of a Scotch constituency. There never was a time when Scotland was more conspicuous among the official emoluments of public life.

The danger of collapse which seemed to threaten the Devonshire Club, one of the most imposing institutions in the clubland of St. James's Street, has passed away. A large guarantee fund has been subscribed, and it is hoped that before the end of the year enough recruits will be found to place the club on a satisfactory basis.

There was some hope that the lingering question of Dr. Cornelius Herz's extradition had been amicably settled by the payment of a considerable sum of money to the liquidators of the Panama Canal Company. This arrangement was expected to relieve Dr. Herz of the inconvenience of exile, and the Foreign Office from a very tedious piece of business. However, it is now stated that the judicial proceedings against the invalid of Bournemouth have not been abandoned, and that his extradition is still demanded. Probably the next Foreign Secretary but two will still have the unsolved Herz problem on his mind.

Mr. Augustin Daly, who is credited with the intention of producing "Cymbeline" as his next Shaksperian venture in London, will be interested to learn that "Cymbeline" is to be the next revival of Shakspeare at the Lyceum. Whether Mr. Irving will produce this play before or after Mr. Comyns Carr's "King Arthur" is not yet settled; but the chances are that when Mr. Daly returns to London next spring he will find the Lyceum "Cymbeline" in the full tide of popularity. To have two Cymbelines at the same time, represented by such artists as Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Ada Rehan, would be a novel sensation for London playgoers.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain has met with a singular accident, which might easily have been much more serious. He was inspecting the cattle on his father's dairy farm at Birmingham, and was leading a bull by the nose, when he slipped and fell, and the animal immediately gored him, inflicting a wound in one of his thighs. This untoward incident has excited general regret in political circles, for Mr. Austen Chamberlain is popular with all parties. He has made two or three successful speeches in the House of Commons, and is assiduous in his duties as one of the Liberal Unionist Whips.

Mr. Fletcher Moulton, who has succeeded Sir Charles Russell in the representation of South Hackney, after a

very close contest, in which he secured a majority of 192 over his Conservative opponent, Mr. Herbert Robertson, is a very distinguished member of the Bar, a Queen's Counsel, and a man of varied attainments. He had a distinguished career at Cambridge, and in 1885 he entered the House of Commons as member for Clapham, but lost his seat in the following year. Mr. Moulton has given much study to what are called London questions, and he enjoys in a very high degree the esteem both of political friends and opponents.

The Duke and Duchess of York have taken Danehurst, Westgate-on-Sea, the house which was occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Fife last summer. The royal visitors are expected in July, soon after an event which will be of the utmost importance to the dynasty.

Mr. Howells, who has been girding lately in his familiar style at English novelists, will smile sardonically at the retort which one of them makes anonymously in the columns of the *World*. According to this authority Mr. Howells is at his best when he models himself on Dickens. How any point of resemblance between the author of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and the author of "Silas Lapham" can present itself even to the keenest vision must remain a mystery. Equally mysterious, however, is Mr. Howells's assumption that all English novelists, except Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope, are "careless and slipshod" in style. The "slipshod" in George Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson, for example, would be a somewhat exacting quest.

SIR JAMES WHITEHEAD VOLUNTEER CHALLENGE TROPHY.

The Patriotic Volunteer Fund initiated and carried to a successful issue by Sir James Whitehead, M.P., for the purpose of supplying a complete equipment to the whole Volunteer army, has been recognised as a national benefit. The committee of the fund voted a sum of money to provide a testimonial, which has taken the form of a challenge trophy for annual competition among the various corps. It is a magnificent specimen of the silversmith's craft, being a massive sterling silver gilt cup, in the style of the Renaissance period, standing 2 feet 6 inches high exclusive of the plinths. The cover is surmounted by Sir James Whitehead's crest, an eagle, wings expanded, supporting with the dexter claw an escutcheon of the arms. The front bears an inscription, "The Sir James Whitehead Challenge Cup," surmounted by his coat of arms; and on



THE SIR JAMES WHITEHEAD VOLUNTEER CHALLENGE TROPHY.

the case is the following record: "Through his efforts the Volunteer Army was equipped." This trophy was designed and manufactured throughout by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 2, Queen Victoria Street, City.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Possibly it is the stress of the Budget debates which has at last prompted Mr. Galloway Weir to make quite a considerable joke. Mr. Weir asked the First Commissioner of Works whether he would consider the propriety of transferring the ladies to the Peers' Gallery, and the peers to the Ladies' Gallery. Mr. Herbert Gladstone is not in a position to consider this or any other suggestion. He has left the vexed question of the Ladies' Gallery to the House, and the House takes advantage of his unprotected state to put posers to him like Mr. Weir's. On its merits, however, Mr. Weir's idea is by no means despicable. The peers who assemble in the gallery over the clock are not an imposing spectacle, but if their places were taken by ladies life might not be such an incubus as it is during the fight over the Budget. It would be exhilarating to imagine the peers behind the grating, and soothing to watch the ladies over the clock. "So pleasant," observed a gallant member to me, "to be lulled to slumber by the eloquence of Grant Lawson, knowing that the last glance at the gallery before you close your eyes would inspire you with a dream of fair women." Very pleasant, no doubt, but there seems no disposition at present to give any opportunity for practical experiment. Herbert Gladstone looks quite worn with statesmanlike vigil over this first serious problem of his new post; and what between the question of the Ladies' Gallery and the condition of the Union Jack, which, after braving the battle and the breeze on Victoria Tower for a few weeks, was found in tatters, the first Commissioner's lot is not a happy one.

But this Budget debate is a dreadful trial. It has been conducted for the most part in a nearly empty House. At one point Mr. Bartley intimated his opinion of the new Sinking Fund for the exclusive benefit of the Speaker. The member for Islington has been known to complain of Sir William Harcourt's absence; but how can a man protest when the entire House has fled, leaving him like the boy on the burning deck? The Speaker listened to Mr. Bartley as if he were considering whether the rules of procedure were sufficiently elastic to permit him to move a count. Even Mr. Goschen had a very small audience while he objected to the Budget root and branch. It was wrong to make a larger abatement in the income tax for incomes under five hundred a year; it was wrong to put fresh taxation on beer and spirits; it was wrong to graduate the death duties. Mr. Goschen quoted economists against this last heresy, Sir William Harcourt grimly smiling the while, as if he were toying with the recollection that it was Mr. Goschen who started this very graduation by putting an extra one per cent. on estates over ten thousand a year. The House was asked to imagine the state of the revenue when the value of the income tax was reduced by these improper abatements, and when wealthy people, to escape the graduated estate duty, divided their property among their kindred in their lifetime. How would a future Chancellor of the Exchequer be able to meet the national liabilities when the taxes were systematically evaded? The scanty House did not seem to be greatly alarmed by the prospect. Members gazed at Mr. Goschen in an automatic way, and on the back benches ambitious statisticians appeared to be labouring over large sums, designed probably to show that everybody with half a million or more would be sure to give it all away before he died. There seemed, however, to be a lurking scepticism as to this complete breach in one of the most familiar traditions of human nature, that a man sticks to his money as long as he can, and very often dies without a will out of sheer repugnance to contemplate the possibility of his own demise. Mr. Walter Long discoursed on the grievous state of the agricultural interest, and Mr. Sydney Buxton offered soothing palliatives, such as the pledge that real property burdened with heavy charges in the shape of jointures, mortgages, and various life interests would not pay estate duty till these had been deducted. This boon, together with the relief to landlords under Schedule A of the income tax, seemed a not unreasonable mitigation of woe; but still the debate dragged on, and Mr. Jesse Collings announced that he should oppose the Budget on account of some mysterious "side-wind," by which Sir William Harcourt was endeavouring to achieve a nefarious, though somewhat unintelligible, end.

Doubtless the tardy resolve of the Opposition to oppose the second reading of the Budget Bill was due less to the demerits of that measure than to the hope of inflicting a serious blow on the Government. The Registration Bill was read a second time by a majority of only fourteen; and if the Ministry escaped defeat so narrowly when the Parnellite members simply abstained, what might not befall them when Mr. John Redmond led his followers into the lobby against the Budget? Besides, who could tell that Mr. Walter McLaren would not have another inspiration to leave his party in the lurch? Before the second reading of the Registration Bill the House discussed the Cambridge Corporation Bill, in which there was a clause to which Mr. McLaren strongly objected. It was designed for the protection of University morals by means which are, no doubt, disputable; but because Sir William Harcourt spoke in favour of the clause, and with a number of his colleagues voted for it, the wrath of Mr. McLaren caused him to stalk out of the House when the division was called on the Registration Bill. To refuse to support a measure which you approve because some of the leaders of your party have supported a private Bill which you detest, is Mr. McLaren's method of asserting his independence. It is spirited, and if there were no such thing as party government it might even pass for public virtue; but in our present imperfect stage of development it seems a trifle illogical. In that respect it qualifies Mr. McLaren to associate with Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. William Saunders, who have cast off the trammels of Parliamentary discipline.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, is at Windsor Castle. On Wednesday, May 9, her Majesty came to London, and next day held a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace.

Princess Alix of Hesse arrived at Windsor Castle, from Darmstadt on May 4, on a visit to the Queen, her grandmother.

A Drawing-Room was held, on behalf of the Queen, at Buckingham Palace on May 4 by the Princess of Wales, who was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Princess Maud, the Duchess of Albany, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and her daughter Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Cambridge. About two hundred ladies were presented to her Royal Highness.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, arrived in London from Germany on May 4, and was joined at Clarence House on May 8 by the Duchess and Princesses Alexandra and Maud of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

The Duke of York presided on May 5 at the dinner in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, which was held at the Hôtel Métropole, with the Duke of Fife, president of that hospital.

The annual dinner of the Royal Academy took place on Saturday evening, May 5. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha were among the guests. Speeches were made by Sir Frederick Leighton, the President, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Rosebery, Earl Spencer, Mr. Andrew Lang, Sir Robert Ball, the Lord Mayor of London, and the Bishop of Peterborough.

A meeting, over which the Duke of Cambridge presided, to set on foot a memorial of esteem for the late Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., was held on May 3 at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly. Mr. Gladstone was the chief speaker, permitted to sit in his chair while speaking, and some remarks were made by Cardinal Vaughan. It was resolved to devote the fund subscribed mainly to the addition of a new block to the London Hospital.

Political speeches in the country were delivered at Manchester, on May 2, by Lord Rosebery, who next day visited the Manchester Ship Canal, and was entertained at luncheon by the Manchester Reform Club; at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, on May 3, by Lord Salisbury; and on the same day by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, to the committee of the Birmingham Liberal Union. On Friday, May 4, the Women's Liberal Unionist Association held its annual meeting at Princes' Hall, Lord Camperdown in the chair; the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour and Professor Dicey were the leading speakers.

The South Hackney election, to fill the seat vacated by Sir Charles Russell's elevation to the House of Lords, resulted at the poll on Monday, May 7, in the return of Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., Gladstonian, by 4530 votes against 4338 for Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Conservative; but the latter polled 1045 more than in 1892.

The Royal Society gave its first conversazione for the season on May 2, at Burlington House, where the president, Lord Kelvin, received a large number of guests, including many distinguished men of science.

The International Bimetallic Conference met on May 2 and May 3 at the Mansion House, under the presidency of Mr. Henry Hicks Gibbs. Papers were read by Professor J. Shield Nicholson, of Edinburgh; Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P.; Sir W. H. Houldsworth, M.P. Addresses were delivered by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Sir George Barbour, and others; and there was much discussion upon the variable relation between the value of gold and silver, its injurious effects on trade, and the practicability of establishing a twofold currency standard.

The Iron and Steel Institute held its annual meeting on May 2 at the Institute of Civil Engineers; the president was Mr. Windsor Richards. Papers of scientific interest and technical utility were read and discussed. Sir Courtenay Boyle, Secretary to the Board of Trade, Sir Lowthian Bell, Sir Bernhard Samuelson, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and Mr. W. H. White, Director of Naval Construction, spoke at the dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern.

At the Central Criminal Court, on May 4, before Mr. Justice Hawkins, Francesco Polti, a young Italian Anarchist conspirator, was found guilty of the unlawful possession of materials for an explosive bomb, with intent to destroy life and property, and was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Giuseppe Farnara, aged forty-four, described as a blacksmith, who had acknowledged his crime, was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. A Frenchman named Meunier, charged with having taken part in causing the explosion at the Café Véro in Paris, has been brought before the Bow Street Police-Court with a demand for his extradition to the French Government.

A big Hyde Park meeting took place on Sunday, May 6, to demand an eight hours a day labour law and universal adult suffrage. It was organised by the London Trades' Council, the Social Democratic Federation, and the "Legal Eight-hours League," but one of the seven platforms was occupied by the Fabian Society of Socialists. There were processions with banners from different parts of London. Mr. John Burns, M.P., Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., Mr.

with misleading balance-sheets and dividends that were not justified. He observed that the suppression of facts in the offices of this company threw a strong light upon the estimate which was entertained there of the standard of commercial morality.

At the Government factory of gunpowder and other explosives, at Waltham Abbey, on Monday, May 7, an explosion of nitro-glycerine, in an isolated house, killed Mr. James Bennie, the chemist in charge of it, James Ingram, the foreman plumber, and two workmen, Frost and Suckling. Nearly twenty others were slightly wounded, and three seriously.

In the Italian Chamber a Bill sanctioning the maintenance of the mixed tribunals in Egypt for another five years has been agreed to; and the Foreign Minister expressed the opinion that the interests of Great Britain and Italy in Egypt were common.

The trial of directors and officers of the Banca Romana on charges of being concerned in unlawful issues of the

bank's notes and of permitting a cash deficit of nearly £1,160,000 has begun in Rome. The late Governor of the bank, Signor Tanlongo, declares that in 1881 Signor Magliani and Signor Depretis, who were at that time Minister of Finance and Premier, obliged him to co-operate with the State in secretly raising the price of Rentes above 101 in order to facilitate the conversion into Four per Cents. These operations were never entered in the books of the bank, but they involved the bank in a loss of nearly three-quarters of a million sterling, apart from interest on the money lost.

The protocol fixing the boundaries of the Italian and British spheres of interest in the region on the Gulf of Aden has been signed at Rome by Signor Crispi on behalf of Italy, and Sir Francis Clare Ford, the British Ambassador, on behalf of Great Britain.

The Dutch Royal Commission, presided over by M. Lely, Minister of the Waters, which has long been studying the scheme for the draining and reclamation of the Zuyder Zee, has concluded its labours. Twenty-one members of the twenty-six on the Commission recommend the project. It is to reclaim from the sea about 450,000 acres, the value of which is estimated at thirty-seven millions sterling. The cost of this work is computed, with the accumulated interest on expenditure, including measures of defence and payment of compensation to fishermen, at twenty-six millions sterling. The draining is to be facilitated by means of a sea-dyke from Northern Holland into Friesland. It might be completed in sixteen years. The Commission is unanimous in recommending that the work should be executed by the State.

In East Central Africa, Major Owen, one of the officers who accompanied the expedition under Colonel Colville against Kabarega, chief of Unyoro, has arrived

at Mombasa, having left Uganda on March 24. He reports that the operations undertaken in Unyoro against Kabarega have been successful. Kabarega himself has been driven out of Unyoro, and a line of forts has been established from the Albert Nyanza, along the south-western bank of which Kabarega's kingdom is situated, to Uganda. Major Owen went to the north end of Lake Albert and down the Nile to Wadelai, where he planted the British flag.

THE SOLDIERS' INSTITUTE, WOOLWICH.

The Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Cambridge, on Monday, May 7, visited Woolwich, and opened the new building of the Church of England Soldiers' Institute. It is a handsome red brick building on the brow of a hill overlooking Woolwich Arsenal, and is designed to afford the soldier opportunities of social and intellectual recreation, as well as religious instruction. Their Royal Highnesses were received by Major-General Smart, Commander of the Woolwich garrison, and Lieutenant-Colonel Browell, honorary secretary of the Institute. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Rev. Dr. Edghill, Chaplain-General, took part in the proceedings. The Bishop of Southwark, Lieutenant-Colonel B. Foote, and Mr. N. Hodgson, who have contributed much aid to the Institute, were also present.



THE SOLDIERS' CHURCH INSTITUTE, WOOLWICH, OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, MAY 7.

Cunninghame Graham, Mr. H. M. Hyndman, Mr. Ben Tillett, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, Dr. Aveling, Mr. Stepniak, and the Rev. Stewart Headlam, were speakers. There was no disturbance.

A meeting, presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was held at King's College, London, on May 7, to protest against the withdrawal of the Government grant of £1700 a year, its share of a grant to twelve colleges, annually voted by Parliament. Lord Salisbury moved, and the Bishop of London seconded, a resolution which was carried unanimously, declaring this action of Government illiberal and oppressive. A second resolution, moved by Professor Jebb, M.P., seconded by the Bishop of Southwell and supported by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, commended to all churchmen the maintenance of King's College on its present religious basis.

In the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, on May 7, Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams delivered his opinion concerning the evidence supplied by the examination of the directors and officers of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Limited Liability Company, with regard to its issues of debenture stock from 1879 to 1882, and through Messrs. Schröder in 1892, with the non-disclosure, to debenture-holders and to shareholders, of its actual financial condition,



By W. E. NORRIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XI.
ENOUGH OF IT.

If we were all of us able to perceive the tolerably obvious, the world in which we live would proceed along its appointed course much more smoothly than it does; wars would be less frequent, party government would have to be abolished, lawyers would have to join the ranks of the unemployed and harmony would reign in private life. But, on the other hand, existence would perhaps become a somewhat dull and uneventful business; and this thought may serve in some measure to console people like Horace Trevor and Veronica Dimsdale, who contrive to misunderstand one another where no misunderstanding ought to be possible. Veronica might have had sense enough to realise how extremely unlikely it was that a young fellow whose natural modesty she had recognised from the first should be seized all of a sudden with the panic which she had imputed to him, while Horace should have known that, if she had really guessed the state of his feelings, she would have dealt more gently with him; but neither of them was capable of bringing an unbiassed judgment to bear upon the circumstances, and thus they became estranged, notwithstanding their ostensible amity. When they met, they were to all outward appearance as good friends as ever; but they did not very often meet, nor was their intercourse of the old confidential kind.

"Give them time," the experienced Mrs. Mansfield said to her brother-in-law, who was growing impatient, and who wanted to know what the deuce the young folks were waiting for; "they have had a little tiff, but they have made it up again, and we can't do better than leave them to play out their comedy in their own way. After all, it is early days yet."

"I don't know what you call early days," grumbled Lord Chippenham; "I know we are getting within sight of the time when we shall all have to leave London, and I want this business to be settled before the end of the season."

Mrs. Mansfield also would have been glad to be relieved of further anxiety upon the subject; but she had found out that Veronica was not a very easy person either to lead or to drive, and she did not want to spoil a promising scheme by injudicious meddling. The wisest plan, she decided, was to allow her niece plenty of liberty, to ask no questions and make no visible efforts to attract Horace to the house. It might likewise not be amiss to arouse the young gentleman's jealousy a little, should such an incentive prove manageable. With this end in view, she neglected no opportunity of throwing the heiress into the society of those who were only too eager to make the acquaintance of heiresses; and if this stratagem was not crowned with any great success, so far as Horace was concerned, it had at least the effect of causing Veronica to appreciate him more highly by comparison with his neighbours.

"What would become of one's faith in human nature if one were condemned to spend all one's days in the fashionable world!" she mentally ejaculated, after an elderly widower and two gay young bachelors had displayed the most unbounded faith in her own nature by kindly offering to share their fallen fortunes with her. "Not one of these men can know anything at all about me, except that I am rich, and evidently that is all they care to know. The more I see of these people the more I admire Horace for having remained an honourable little gentleman in spite of them. The only wonder is that, instead of sheering off when he took it into his silly head that I was becoming too fond of him, he didn't hasten to profit by such a stroke of good fortune!"

But Horace, for weal or for woe, had ceased to be among her intimates, and—whether in consequence of that fact or

not—London society had ceased to interest her. She told Mr. Mostyn, who had been amiably instrumental in making her known to sundry celebrities who were not precisely fashionable, that she was tired of it all and wanted to be out of it.

He laughed, and replied, "I have been waiting for some time to hear you say that. It is necessary to look closely into things; but, unfortunately, very few things will bear looking into, and very few people are as big as they appear to be from a distance. Never mind! there is a good time coming, when you will be able to survey all this as a whole, and when it will furnish you with ideas—inspirations even."

But Veronica did not see how it could possibly do that. All that can be said about the pettiness and cynicism of the so-called great world and the littleness of great men has been said scores of times already; her soul yearned for the green meadows and the pleasant, wholesome sights and sounds of the Thames valley; she was, in short, thoroughly homesick, and painfully aware that she no longer had a home.

It was while she was in this dissatisfied frame of mind—which was all the more dissatisfied because she could not have said precisely what was wrong with her—that she was taken, one afternoon, by her aunt to call on Lady Louisa Cradock. She had already exchanged visits and a few unmeaning words with that rather dowdy and forlorn lady, of whom she had retained no distinct impression, and when she was ushered into a drawing-room where several old women were seated, she did not feel it her duty to take any part in their commonplace conversation.

Mrs. Mansfield, whose income had not suffered from agricultural depression, who could afford to employ an expensive dressmaker, and was a good deal more *dans le mouvement* than they were, cheered them up with her brisk talk, reminding them, it may be, of happier days gone by and exciting their interest by personal anecdotes, picked up in circles which they had ceased to frequent. Veronica sat a little apart, scarcely listening to them, yet moved with a vague pity for the poor old souls, who had lost all that they really cared for on earth with the loss of those two most essential advantages, youth and money. Their voices, as well as their remarks, were pitched in a minor key. They seemed to feel—that was probably the case—that they had no further *raison d'être*. Soon they would be dead and buried, and there was no reason to suppose that any one of them would be missed. Meanwhile, they pricked up their ears and a certain animation became perceptible upon their withered countenances when they heard that the Duchess of A had publicly cut Lady B, on account of her behaviour with the Duke; or that Lord C was said to have actually married Miss D, the notorious music-hall singer.

It was very hot weather. The windows were open and the sun-blinds drawn down. Outside there was an uninterrupted roar of distant traffic, which somehow deepened the effect of profound melancholy produced upon Veronica by this tittle-tattle. The world is so tremendously busy, and time is rushing on at such a headlong pace: those who are not hard at work are at least hard at play, and to be stranded on the brink of the flowing current seemed to her to be about the saddest thing that could happen to anybody. It was terrible to think that a day might come when she too would sit, useless and forgotten, in a drawing-room, with nothing better to do than to gossip about people whom she did not even know, save by repute. Suddenly a loud outburst of laughter, followed by a babble of young voices, rose from immediately beneath her feet.

"That won't be quite so depressing as this, anyhow," she thought; and, jumping up, she said to Lady Louisa, in her abrupt way, "I am going downstairs to see Dolly for a few minutes; I can hear that she is at home."

Veronica had already more than once visited Miss Dolly in the den which that young woman had appropriated for her exclusive use, and which would have probably been her father's study if Mr. Cradock had not been a submissive old gentleman who spent most of his time at his club. She made her way thither unhesitatingly now, having received a friendly assurance that she would always be welcome, and opened the door without knocking. Then she paused on the threshold, wishing that she had been less precipitate, and angry with herself for having done a stupid, clumsy thing.

The air was thick with blue clouds of cigarette-smoke; Dolly herself, lolling in a deep armchair, was smoking; so were two smartly attired young men, one of whom was seated upon the table swinging his legs; so was a third, who, as soon as he recognised her, pitched his cigarette out of the window and looked caught. The laughter which she had heard when she turned the door-handle had been quenched by her entrance. The two strangers were staring at her interrogatively, and Horace, with whom she felt quite irate, had the appearance of wishing very much to follow his cigarette. But Dolly was not easily put out of countenance.

"Come in," she said; "sit down and make yourself comfortable. No use to offer you tobacco, I suppose. Now, Tommy, go on with your story."

The young gentleman addressed slid off the table and began to look for his hat. "Tell you the rest some other day," he answered; "it's about time for me to be off now."

It took him some minutes to make his adieux and to murmur a few parting jocularities in Miss Cradock's ear, while Veronica, who had not sat down and was feeling far from comfortable, awaited his exit. But at length he went away, taking his friend with him, and then the intruder was able to apologise.

"I am very sorry to have broken up your party," she said, in a voice which she could not keep from sounding constrained and annoyed. "I ought to have known better than to bounce in upon you in that way, and I will never do such a thing again, I promise you."

"Oh, we don't mind, if you don't," returned Dolly, with a laugh and a glance at Horace, who, for his part, seemed to mind a good deal; "the only misfortune is that you have been shocked. Not so shocked as you would have been if you had heard the end of that story; still, quite shocked enough. What can I say? There is really no blinking the fact that I do enjoy a cigarette occasionally."

"It would be no business of mine if you enjoyed a pipe," returned Veronica, not very civilly; "but I wish I had not prevented you from enjoying the conclusion of your friend's story. As you know it already, you had better impart it to Mr. Trevor, who must be dying of curiosity. I will go upstairs again and join the old ladies."

Of course she was not allowed to do that. She was made to sit down and talk until Mrs. Mansfield sent a servant in search of her, and during the ensuing ten minutes she recovered her equanimity sufficiently for all needful purposes, so far as Dolly was concerned. But Horace, much aggrieved at having been spoken of as "Mr. Trevor," had effected his escape without so much as shaking hands, and what added not a little to Veronica's vexation was that she should have shown in so unequivocal a fashion how displeased she was with him. What right in the world had she to be displeased with him? Why should he not smoke cigarettes and listen to highly flavoured stories in the company of one whose tastes were in harmony with his own, and who, it was to be hoped, would some day bear his name? "I could not have behaved more like an utter idiot if I had been jealous of the girl! And no doubt he thought I was," reflected Veronica furiously,

as she sat beside her aunt in the carriage and endeavoured to preserve an aspect of unruffled calm.

She did not mention that she had seen Horace, not wishing to be questioned upon the subject, nor did Mrs. Mansfield ask her whom she had met downstairs. It was rather a relief to be gently remonstrated with for having quitted the drawing-room so abruptly and to be told that Lady Louisa had thought it odd of her.

"It is best not to be odd," Mrs. Mansfield said; "people notice it, and they don't like it. In Dolly Cradock's case it doesn't perhaps matter; she has chosen to take up the line of being eccentric, and if she marries at all, I suppose she will marry somebody who likes that sort of thing. But you, my dear, are a very different kind of person, I am thankful to say, and you do yourself harm when you disregard the conventionalities."

This mild lecture, which was prolonged, with occasional breaks, until South Audley Street was reached, engrossed Veronica's attention just enough to keep the tears out of her eyes, and a letter, addressed in a straggling, schoolboy hand, which she found on her entrance, served the same desirable purpose. It was delightful to hear from Joe again, and still more delightful to learn, after the envelope had been torn open, that he was at home for a holiday.

"The man with whom I have been living in Lincolnshire has got a couple of children down with the measles," Joe wrote, "so I have been packed off, lest my precious life should be endangered. I am having a fairly good time of it at the old place, but it isn't a bit like home without you. Why don't you run down for a little and refresh yourself with a dose of rustic simplicity, like Virgil and Horace and other great poets, including the melodious Mostyn, who tells us that you are not yet wedded to town life? As I have often assured you, my dear, you would be wedded to me, if only I were a year or two older, and, after all, I don't know why we should let a mere question of age stand in our way. Think it over before you commit yourself to some other Johnny of less unimpeachable character. Anyhow, return for a time to your faithful and disconsolate—Joe."

"P.S. — I am walking a foxhound puppy — a perfect beauty. It would be well worth your while to come down here, if only to see him."

"I will!" exclaimed Veronica, who had perused the above epistle in the seclusion of her bedroom. "I know they will be glad to have me, and I shall be more than glad to get away from this."

Without more ado she marched downstairs and announced her intention of returning to Harbury Vale forthwith. "I want a change," she informed her astonished aunt; "all my business transactions with Mr. Walton have been brought to an end long ago, and it doesn't seem to be necessary that I should enter into possession of Broxham yet awhile. So I have made up my mind to forget for six weeks or a couple of months that I am a squires, with all sorts of disagreeable responsibilities upon my shoulders. You can remind me of them when we meet again, later in the year."

Mrs. Mansfield could elicit nothing further than that from her: she had seen enough of London for the present; she wanted to go back to the country, and to the country she meant to go. It was all very well to say that in days gone by young people did not take up so peremptory a tone, and to point out that it is scarcely respectful to a duly constituted duenna to form plans without even consulting her. But what, after all, is to be done with a lady who is of age, who is her own mistress and who proposes to take her own way? Veronica was conciliatory, grateful and affectionate, but firm: there was evidently nothing for it but to let her go, to be thankful for her assurance that she looked forward to welcoming Horace to his old home in September and to congratulate oneself upon being free to resume the course of one's own quiet, comfortable little existence during the summer months.

"I must say that you are very upsetting," Mrs. Mansfield

felt it due to herself to remark. "Still, I suppose Mr. and Mrs. Dimsdale may be trusted to take care of you until the autumn, and, as I shall not be wanted, I think I will go to Marienbad and Switzerland." And to herself she added: "It will do Horace no harm to be shown that he isn't indispensable. Perhaps, too, it is just as well, upon the whole, that the engagement should not appear to have been brought about with too much precipitation. Of course her going off in a hurry like this only means that they have had another small squabble."

CHAPTER XII.

HORACE CUTS A POOR FIGURE.

Horace Trevor, as he walked away from Lady Louisa Cradock's house after that unlucky encounter with Veronica, was a seriously mortified young man. He could imagine so well what Veronica must be thinking of him! In fact, she had shown pretty plainly what she thought by taking no direct notice of him, and by her disdainful remark that he was probably eager to be regaled with the conclusion of a scandalous anecdote. And really he had done nothing to merit her displeasure or contempt; on the contrary, he had, as it seemed to him, behaved as an honourable man from first to last. He had not wanted to fall in love with her; he had done what in him lay to conceal from her the fact that that misfortune had befallen him; he had agreed with her that the

In this very fractious mood he remained for several days, during which he took care to see no friends, save those of his own sex, and was far from civil even to them. But it was difficult to be surly with Lord Chippenham, who hailed him, one afternoon, in Pall Mall, and for whom an ex-cavalry lieutenant could not help retaining a respect akin to that which schoolboys who have grown bald or grey-headed always feel for a former head-master. So when the General hooked him by the arm, saying, "Walk down with me as far as Westminster, my boy; I've got to go and record my vote against that crew of Radical wiscacres that calls itself a Government," there was nothing for it but to comply with a good grace, although what was coming might be guessed in advance. Lord Chippenham led his captive past the Duke of York's column and down the steps into the Mall, discoursing upon the defenceless state of these islands, and then attacked a question of more pressing personal interest.

"I don't see the good of shilly-shallying," he declared, "and I tell you plainly, my dear fellow, that to my mind you are behaving almost as much like an ass as the Prime Minister. Julia Mansfield may say what she likes, but when a thing has to be done, the sooner it's done the better: who knows what may happen while you stand shivering on the brink? Why haven't you proposed to that girl yet, eh?"

"Well, I don't know that it is one of the things that have got to be done," answered Horace; "in point of fact, I should say that it was one of the things which are precious unlikely to be done."

"Don't talk such nonsense! Haven't I been watching you both for weeks?—and was I born yesterday? It's very evident to me that you have fallen in love with the girl—and a devilish sensible thing to do too! Now, how long do you imagine that you will be allowed to go on dancing attendance upon her without speaking out? How long—"

"But I'm not dancing attendance upon her," interrupted Horace.

"You have been, anyhow; you won't deny that, I suppose. There's such a thing as letting one's opportunity slip, and there are plenty of men who ask nothing better than to take your place, let me tell you, young fellow. Come, now! Be a man or a mouse. What are you afraid of? If you have taken it into your head that she is likely to refuse you, you have taken an uncommonly silly notion into your head; I don't mind saying as much as that to you."

Horace thought for a moment of

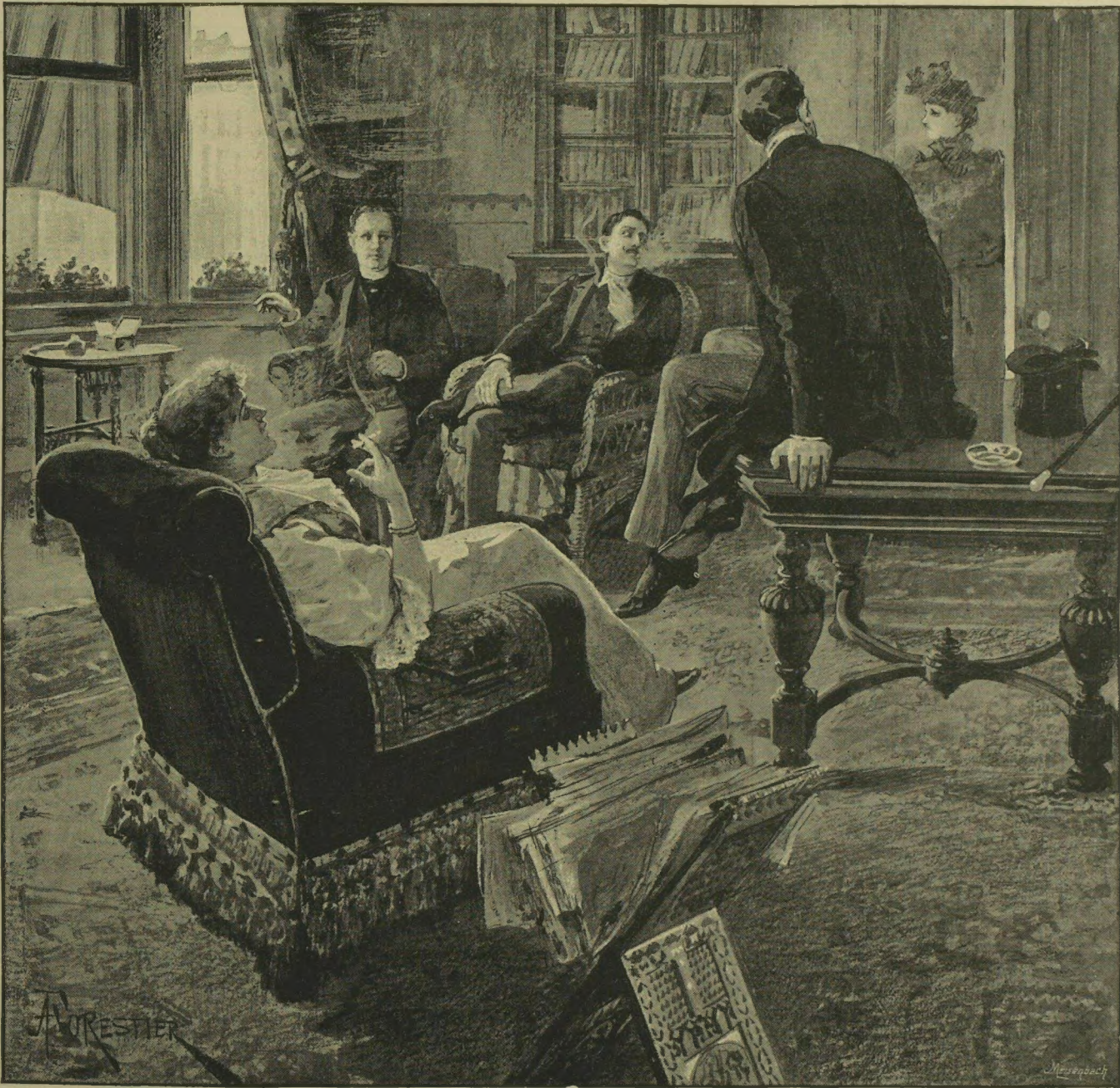
mentioning the reasons which must always render it impossible for him to offer marriage to the heiress of the late Mr. Trevor, but he decided to spare himself the nuisance of an unprofitable discussion, and only remarked that he was not so cocksure of success as all that.

"Well, hang it all, man! you can but try," returned Lord Chippenham. "If you fail, you will fail, and there will be no more to be said; but I shall have a poor opinion of you if you let Miss Veronica leave London without having had the chance of saying whether she wishes to accept you or not."

All the rest of the way to the House of Lords he enlarged upon the folly of quarrelling with your bread and butter in a style most exasperating to his hearer, who at length exclaimed—

"Very well, then! If I propose and get my answer—which will be No—perhaps you and Aunt Julia won't bother me any more about the matter."

He really did, in his wrath and irritation, intend to carry out that crazy project. After all, why not? Veronica already knew all that there was to know and already despised him. The mere fact of having to repeat what she had said before, in answer to a formal proposition which had not been made before, would hardly trouble her, while it would free him from the importunities of officious relatives. Moreover, he was in one of those naughty tempers which make us childishly anxious to seek the deepest depths of humiliation. "You despise me, do you?" he was saying to himself, in effect. "All right, then, you shall have something to despise me for."



The air was thick with blue clouds of cigarette smoke; Dolly herself, loling in a deep arm-chair, was smoking.

subject should be ignored between them thenceforth and for ever. Why was he to be scorned instead of pitied? Certainly he could have wished that she had not found him smoking and laughing in Dolly Cradock's sanctum, and he had been aware of not looking particularly like a disconsolate lover at the moment; but she did not want him to look like a disconsolate lover, he supposed. At least if she did, it was rather unreasonable of her.

All this Horace said to himself with a view to recovering the cheerful countenance of which he had been deprived; but it did not help him very much towards that desirable end. Of course, he had a right to choose his own company and amuse himself in his own way; but the distressing part of it was that Veronica had for some time been striving to inoculate him with a taste for better company and more refined amusements, that he had shown himself an apt disciple and that he had reverted to former habits immediately on discovering that she had no notion of ever being anything more than his friend. Naturally, her conclusion would be that he had been deceiving her all along. At the same time, it was too bad of her to have jumped to such erroneous conclusions, however natural they might be. Thus the downcast cogitator wandered from one cause of complaint to another; and the upshot of them all was that he was a confoundedly unlucky fellow, that he wished to goodness that he had never set eyes on Veronica Dimsdale and that he would go out to Colorado, or whatever the name of the beastly place was, and be a cowboy—hanged if he wouldn't!

Off he went, therefore, to South Audley Street, with a quick, resolute step, and although his heart may have sunk a little as he ascended the well-known staircase in the wake of the butler, he promised himself that he would not leave the house before he should have received the slap in the face which he courted.

"This," remarked Mrs. Mansfield, rising and holding out her hand to him, "is a kindly act which I scarcely ventured to hope for. I had made up my mind that I should see no more of you now that Veronica has left me."

"Veronica left you!" ejaculated the young man; "you don't mean to say so! Has she gone for good then?"

"Well, she doesn't return to me until the autumn, when I am to chaperon her at Broxham, I believe. For the present she has gone to her uncle and aunt at Harbury Vale. I thought you knew."

"No," answered Horace slowly, as he dropped into a chair, "this is the first I have heard of it. Wasn't it rather a sudden move on her part?"

"Yes, rather; but she is a sudden sort of person. I daresay you may have noticed that."

Horace made no rejoinder. His sensation was in reality one of immense relief, but he looked sufficiently dismayed to satisfy Mrs. Mansfield, who took a malicious pleasure in his apparent consternation. She judged it appropriate to remark: "Veronica has an old head upon young shoulders; it hasn't been in the least turned by her change of fortune or by the admiration of which, as you know, she has had a good deal. Or, perhaps, you don't know, for we have seen so little of you lately. Next season, when she will be out of mourning and will have grown accustomed to her position, no doubt she will have an even larger selection of suitors to choose from. I shouldn't be at all surprised if she has left London now just because she is not quite prepared to make her choice yet."

"Ah! very likely," said Horace abstractedly.

He was wondering within himself what Veronica's real reason could have been for vanishing away without a word of farewell. He did not flatter himself that she cared enough for his friendship to have gone off in a huff; yet she would surely have wished him good-bye if she had not meant him to understand that he was in her black books.

"I wonder at her not having told you she was going. I supposed that she had at least written you a note," Mrs. Mansfield remarked placidly. "You have been such good friends all along, in spite of her having, in a sense, robbed you; and it has been such a pleasure to me to see your intimacy."

"She has not robbed me in any sense whatever," returned Horace, a little tartly. "As for friendship—well, as you told me at the first, of course she isn't at all my style, and we were hardly likely to develop into bosom friends when it came to be a question of intimacy. Not that I don't like her very much, and I am sorry that it will be another twelve months before I see her again—that is, if I am still in England twelve months hence."

"My dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Mansfield, rather alarmed by this veiled threat, "what are you talking about? You surely don't contemplate emigrating or doing anything insane of that sort! And you will certainly see Veronica again in September. She counts upon you to come to Broxham for the partridge-shooting, and so do I. I should never forgive you if you were to leave us in the lurch. Just think of it! Shooting-parties there must be; and how are two helpless women to make them go off without assistance?"

Horace laughed. "Look here, Aunt Julia," said he; "I know perfectly well what you are driving at, and I have known it ever since you began to play the game. In fact, I may as well tell you that I was sent here by the General this afternoon for the express purpose of proposing to Veronica. She would have refused me, of course, and I thought that, after that, you and he would leave us in peace. Now, I do want you to understand quite clearly that she would never, under any circumstances, consent to marry me. Unless that much is understood I would rather be shot myself than help your friends to shoot the Broxham partridges. Will you take my word for it that the match is out of the question?"

Mrs. Mansfield was by no means a stupid woman, but she was scarcely clever enough to feel certain of the response which she was expected to make to this appeal. What she thought it, upon the whole, best to say (in view of the paramount importance of securing her nephew's presence at Broxham in the autumn) was: "Horace, I will be honest with you. I did very much wish and hope that Veronica might take a fancy to you; you must admit that it would have been a most fortunate thing on all grounds if she had. Still, as you are so sure that it can't be, I won't worry you any more about it—and, indeed, I have always been afraid that you were not quite intellectual enough to please her. Never mind! What can't be cured must be endured. Come to Broxham as her friend—or rather as her cousin—and I can promise you, on her behalf, that you shall have the warmest of welcomes."

Nothing could well have been more satisfactory than the young man's reply. He said he should be glad to be welcomed on those terms. He added that, knowing the place so well, he might probably be of some use to Veronica and her guests, and he looked as crestfallen as his aunt could have wished. Nevertheless, from Mrs. Mansfield's point of view, there had been some lack of prudence in taking him so promptly at his word. Had his sentiments been those which were not unnaturally imputed to him, a snub would doubtless have served its purpose; but since he had not the faintest intention of ever asking the heiress to be his wife, that allusion to his intellectual inferiority was a little unfortunate. It caused him to say to himself, when he left South Audley Street, after promising to keep himself free from engagements until a date for his visit to Broxham could be fixed, that he had been a perfect fool to imagine that even friendship between him and the superior Veronica was a possible thing; it caused him to suspect that she must have laughed at his innocent endeavours to educate himself up to

her level, and to resolve that there should be no renewal of such endeavours. It likewise caused him to reflect that in friendship as well as in love there must be some sort of equality between the parties, and that the Dolly Cradocks of this world were much more in his line than the Veronica Dimsdales. If Dolly had had a thousand a year of her own the chances are that he would have proceeded straightway to place his hand and heart at her disposal, by way of proving his sense of the general fitness of things.

Dolly having nothing of her own, and having never made any secret of the fact that her future husband must be a wealthy man, he was preserved from doing anything quite so silly as that; but he solaced himself by frequenting resorts where he was pretty sure of meeting her, and he was downright sentimental in the language which he employed when—as not unfrequently happened—he and she were left to say to one another what nobody else could overhear. Now Dolly, whatever may have been her failings, was assuredly not a sentimental person; she fully recognised that there is all the difference in the world between the poetry of love and the prose of matrimony, and although Horace Trevor, with the Broxham estate and £100,000 or so invested in safe securities, would have suited her well enough, she had no more notion of espousing the actual Horace than of taking a flying leap from the parapet of Westminster Bridge. Yet it is not necessary to have a hard heart because one is blessed with a clear, sane understanding, nor was there any reason at all why the young man's quasi-amorous speeches should not sound very pleasantly in her ears. She believed that he was genuinely in love with her, which is always an agreeable sort of belief to entertain, and was in her case justified by the circumstance that a great many other impecunious young men were, or professed to be, in the same sad predicament. Moreover, he had as good as told her that he was.

Thus it came to pass, after a time, that the soft influences of a moonlight night—supplemented, it may be, by those of a good dinner and excellent champagne—brought about a scene between this pair which had better not have taken place. They had been dining with a large party at one of those river-side club-houses which have sprung up of late years, and the gardens of which may have witnessed more than one scene equally undesirable from the subsequent point of view of the persons concerned therein; they had wandered away from their friends, they were contemplating the broad, silent stream, and they had been lamenting, as it was extremely natural to do, that following up the bright track shed upon it by the full moon would never lead them to the traditional pot of gold of which they both stood so much in need.

"What would you do with it if you got it?" Dolly asked. "I don't mean a wretched little pipkin, containing twenty spade-guineas, or anything of that sort, but a good solid fortune of, say, half a million?"

"I should give it to you," answered Horace, without hesitation.

"What, unconditionally? I don't for one moment believe that you would; but I can assure you that, if you did, you would never see a single penny of it back again."

"Oh, well, there would be conditions attached to the gift, of course—one condition, at least. You would have to take me with it."

Dolly Cradock was really an extremely handsome girl, and just then she was looking her very best. At the moment he spoke he was almost, if not quite, sincere.

"Ah," she answered, with a touch of bitterness, "that is a mere detail. Everybody who knows me knows that I should take a hunchback or a cripple who had half a million of money to offer me. Beggars mustn't be choosers."

"But supposing that you weren't a beggar, and supposing that you could choose?" Horace asked, drawing a little nearer to her.

"That's quite another question; I don't see why I should answer it."

"I don't see why you shouldn't; we are quite alone, and I am not very likely to repeat anything you may tell me, Dolly."

"Not to the blameless Veronica?"

"Why to her of all people in the world?"

"Only because, a few weeks ago, you were thinking seriously of marrying her, and because in all probability you will be thinking of it seriously again a few weeks hence."

"I never thought, seriously or otherwise, of doing any such thing!" Horace declared indignantly.

"Oh, yes, you did; I don't blame you. As I said just now, beggars mustn't be choosers, and I myself am bound to be as mercenary as you. As a rule, I feel tolerably resigned to my fate—and so do you, I suspect," added Dolly, with a half-smothered sigh.

Is it necessary to record what happened next? Eaves-dropping is an ignoble occupation, and if it be our ill-fortune to surprise any two of our acquaintances in a compromising attitude, we instinctively turn and flee. Everything leads the present narrator to believe that Miss Dolly Cradock had been kissed by gentlemen who had no sort of excuse for thus saluting her before that evening when Horace Trevor was betrayed into saying things which he did not really mean, and it may be safely assumed that her indiscretions weighed lightly upon her conscience; but there is no need to dwell upon an episode in which the hero of this story cuts a poor figure, and we may pass on to the words of unexceptionable wisdom with which the interview was brought to a close.

"Now we won't play the fool any more," Dolly said briskly; "I'm sorry for you, and perhaps a little bit sorry for myself too; but we shall both of us be all right again in a day or two, if not sooner. This has been merely a pretty little *intermezzo*, if you please; it is not to have any consequences, and it is to be forgotten with all possible dispatch. Go and see whether they aren't putting the horses in."

Horace had been saying things which he did not mean; but Dolly, to do her justice, seldom erred in that way. Shortly afterwards she took her place upon the box-seat of the drag

which was to convey them back to London and was driven by an elderly widower of large means, to whom she made herself most agreeable. Horace listened to her wonderingly, while tardy repentance and shame gained the mastery over him. Put it how he would, he could not but feel that he had disgraced himself. He did not love Dolly; he did not in his heart believe that she cared a brass farthing for him; and although Veronica would never know that he had been false to her, and would also not care a brass farthing if she did, the fact that he had been false remained. "It's time for me to be off," was his conclusion. "I really can't look that girl in the face again to-morrow, as if nothing had happened, though I expect she will be able to keep her countenance easily enough. I shall go to Ireland and fish."

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The *Church Times* advocates preaching on Welsh Dis-establishment. It says that in some parishes the pulpit is the only place in which the right relations of the Church with the State can be expounded. It also affirms that "if a Tory or Radical Government should presume to say that some dioceses in the Church of England shall be lopped off from her corporate communion, it has an equal right to say that any or all of the sects can be joined to her communion."

"A. K. H. B." contributes to the current number of *Longman's Magazine* an article on the well-beloved Hugh Pearson. So little has been written about one of the most noteworthy figures of the Church of England that the article will be read with some interest. It is, however, a weak performance, and has much more about the writer than about the subject.

Messrs. Longmans have issued a pretty volume giving an account of the foundation of Manchester College, Oxford. There is a list of the subscriptions given to the building, many of which are extremely handsome, and reflect great credit on the munificence of the English Unitarians. There are several illustrations of the handsome new building.

The extraordinary vitality of the Church Missionary Society attracts general attention, and proves that the Evangelicals are much stronger in the Church of England than many people suppose. Six meetings were held on Tuesday, May 1, in London in connection with the ninety-fifth anniversary, and £13,900 was subscribed to meet a deficit of £12,000 on the general fund. The expenditure for the year amounted to £268,482.

Many will learn with pleasure that the Rev. W. Page Roberts, the well-known Incumbent of St. Peter's, Vere Street, has recovered from his severe illness and resumed his work. Mr. Page Roberts is, perhaps, the most thoughtful preacher of his school in England, and he has in his congregation an unusual proportion of educated men, including many of the leading London physicians.

Lord Rosebery's declaration that the State had as much right to establish a Church as to establish an Army came in for much criticism at the May meetings. Dr. Berry, of Wolverhampton, in preaching the jubilee sermon of the Liberation Society, said: "We all of us read Lord Rosebery's speech at Edinburgh, and how that he said it was as competent for a State to make a Church as to make an Army or a Navy—to support blackcoats as well as redcoats and blue. How that sentence wounded to the quick truly spiritual men in the Establishment! And we share their wound, but not their wonder. It is impossible to throw much blame upon Lord Rosebery. This long alliance between Church and State, and the part that the Church has played in statecraft and has allowed statecraft to play in her affairs, has almost warranted the uprising of statesmen who believe that the Church is only a club—an institution—part of a great political organisation, to be taken up or cast aside according to the whim and will of the hour."

The late Professor Robertson Smith was accustomed to maintain in conversation that England was a more truly religious country than Scotland.

Many will hear with great regret that the accomplished and warm-hearted Rector of Witley is dead. Mr. Chandler was a man of wide knowledge and warm sympathies. He was a very considerable ornithologist, greater even than would appear from his many articles on birds. His culture was rich and varied, but religious enthusiasm was the main feature of his character; and if his way had been given to him he would have been working in the London slums. It is not a year since his marriage took place.

The Bishop of Guildford, a Suffragan of the Diocese of Winchester, the Right Rev. George Henry Sumner, D.D., has been compelled by ill-health to resign. He will retain his Archdeaconry and his Canonry of Winchester Cathedral. His valuable services in the diocesan administration will be missed by the clergy, especially by Bishop Thorold.

The old Stepney Meeting-house of the Independents or Congregationalists in London has celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary with a series of religious services, lectures, and festival thanksgiving assemblies. At the last-mentioned, several clergymen of the Established Church were present. It was founded under the Commonwealth, about the time of the battle of Marston Moor, by Henry Burton, whose name is associated with those of Prynne and Leighton as victims of the cruelty of Archbishop Laud's High Commission Court.

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"A Versailles! All women gather and go. Robust dames of the Halle, slim mantua-makers, assiduous, risen with the dawn; ancient Virginity tripping to matins; the housemaid with early broom; all must go. No carriage lady, were it with never such hysterics, but must dismount, in the mud roads, in her silk shoes, and walk."—CARLYLE, "FRENCH REVOLUTION."



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"With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample space;

"For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace,
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells."

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have been enjoying a little trip to an old holiday haunt of mine—Antwerp, to wit. One never tires of that quaint old city, and the service of the Great Eastern Railway, via Harwich and the Hook of Holland, or direct to the city by the Scheldt, is all that can be desired. To rise betimes from your berth and to sit on deck on a fine spring morning as the steamer sails up the river, is a thing to be remembered; and when, at last, away round the bend of the river, you see the famous cathedral spire in the distance, and know you are within easy hail of the town, your enjoyment is not lessened but increased as the mingling of old and new Antwerp meets your eye. Antwerp will be *en fête* with its Exhibition before these lines meet my reader's view. Strolling into the museum, which, by-the-way, is now located in the new building near the quay, I found the Exhibition structures surrounding that edifice. The extent of the Exhibition itself is large, and there are to be powerful side attractions in the shape of a dirigible but captive balloon, which is to career above the city backwards and forwards, and in the form of a chateau in the air, or, in other words, a stationary balloon as well.

The chestnut-trees in the Antwerp "Zoo" looked their best when, in company with an old friend, I visited that famous natural history haunt. The Antwerp "Zoo" is always worth a visit. It is second to the London establishment in size, but in respect of its tenants and general management I should say the Belgian "Zoo" will run Regent's Park very close indeed. In the monkey-house a young orang occupies the special cage of honour, wherein, on my last visit, two pretty little chimpanzees used to walk about, their arms round each other's necks, like a pair of schoolboys. The Bornean ape, with his big melancholy eyes, his shaggy hair, and his general woebegone expression, had an intense fascination for me. What thoughts passed through his brain as he sat watching the antics of his poor relations in the other cages I know not. Possibly a suspicion of disdain for their frivolity may have entered into the consideration of the poor orang as he sat mildly surveying mankind from behind the glass of his cage. And a highly frivolous set of monkeys they were at Antwerp. The best of them all were the little capuchins of South America, clever, amiable little fellows, with their bird-like cry and their sense of confidence in you; very different, indeed, from the suspicious mangabeys and macaques, or from the growling mandrills and baboons. Two hippopotami and a giraffe must be numbered among the attractions of the Antwerp "Zoo." As everybody knows, not a single giraffe is to be found in the gardens at Regent's Park, and it appears that these long-necked mammals are getting scarcer every year.

One thing I can never become reconciled to when abroad is the use of the dog in milk-carts and like vehicles. I never see a dog panting in the shafts of a barrow, or straining every muscle and sinew when acting as a trace-horse, without a feeling of regret and pity. For the dog is a creature constructed on principles very different from those seen in the anatomical build of the horse or steer. It is an animal intended by Mother Nature for speed, for hunting purposes, and for absolute freedom of movement. To chain a dog in between the shafts of a milk-cart, and to see it with its back bent and its lithe limbs quivering under the load, is a spectacle which I am glad to think the law prevents on this side of the North Sea, although I think Britons of themselves, and apart from any legal restrictions, would be loth to employ the dog as a beast of burden. It is a different matter with the horse, which is built for speed, for drawing, and for the support of weight. His whole build is that of an animal which can sustain a burden easily, while the dog's limbs are utterly unsuited to any such purpose. I do not say the dogs in Antwerp or anywhere else are ill-treated; some of them certainly are not over well fed apparently, but to employ them as horses is a mistake, and I hope a better era of things will abolish their use as beasts of burden everywhere.

An old question has been revived by the letter of a correspondent, who asks if growing plants or cut flowers in bed-rooms are injurious to health? As to cut flowers, I should say decidedly not, for the reason that their vital functions are practically over and done with. The question of growing plants is a different one regarded scientifically. It may be a pertinent enough matter to inquire whether a bed-room is the proper place in which growing plants should be kept at all. But assuming that people will and do have plants in their sleeping-apartments, the question "Are they productive of harm?" may require to be answered.

Living plants—that is, green plants—absorb carbonic acid gas from the air as part of their food. This is the same gas which is given off from our lungs as part and parcel of our bodily waste. Now, in the presence of light, the plant is able to split up this gas into its component elements, carbon and oxygen. The carbon is retained for food purposes, but the oxygen is set free, and goes back to the air. Therefore, in the sense of the green plant giving up oxygen to the air, it is to be regarded as an atmospheric purifier. But in the dark, the green plant reverses the order of affairs. Then it becomes like the animal in its breathing habits, for it takes in oxygen and gives forth carbonic acid gas. It is this latter power which popular ideas have seized upon as the reason why plants in bed-rooms are to be regarded as unsafe. They are believed, in other words, to render the air impure.

The quantity of carbonic acid gas a plant can give off is, however, at the best very small; and, considering this fact, together with another, namely, that our own lungs pollute the atmosphere to an infinitely worse degree than is possible in the case of a whole conservatory, one may regard the danger arising from plants in rooms as practically non-existent. Chemical analysis of exact kind, indeed, has proved that the quantity of carbonic acid gas which a plant can add to the atmosphere is utterly unimportant from a hygienic point of view. Practically, if we do not suffer from ourselves and our lung-excretions in our rooms, we have infinitely less to fear from any amount of growing plants.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H O ROGER (Plymouth).—We are obliged to make a rule that all problems shall be submitted by diagram. If you will send us one we shall be glad to examine your problem.

BLAIR COCHRANE (Clever).—The mistake cannot now be rectified.

R MARSDEN (M.C.C.) and C SCHULTZ (B.C.C.).—Thanks for notices.

J W S (Montreal).—Thanks for cuttings. Youth will be served, and even Achilles was vulnerable.

P H WILLIAMS.—Received with thanks.

J F MOON.—We trust the amended position will prove sound, and are glad to find the defect so easily remedied.

CHARLES BURNETT (Biggleswade).—The fresh position shall be re-examined, and the slight correction will, it is to be hoped, put the problem right. The others, for the present, you had better keep in hand, as some time must elapse before we can use them all.

F R ARMITAGE.—The problem, so far, has baffled not a few of our solvers.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2605 received from G A Humpert, M.D. (St. Louis, U.S.A.); of No. 2610 from Charles Burnett and Darnay Tstvan (Kolozsvár); of No. 2611 from F Glanville, F W C (Birmingham), and Bracknell; of No. 2612 from Charles Wagner (Vienna), R Worters (Canterbury), E G Boys, F Glanville, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), W E Thompson, A J Haggood (Haslar), H F W Lane (Stroud), C Butcher Junior (Bolesdale), Bracknell, W Rigby, and Admiral Brandreth.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2613 received from R H Brooks, H B Hurford, J Coad, W R Raillem, R Worters (Canterbury), E Loudon, Sorrento, T J Bradley (Manchester), G Joicey, Martin F, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), M Burke, G (Workshop), and J D Tucker (Leeds).

PROBLEM BY A. GUNTZER.

WHITE: K at Q B 6th, Q at K R 3rd, R at K Kt 7th, Kts at K B 5th and Q B 7th, P at Q 4th.

BLACK: K at K E 3rd, B at K B sq, P at K B 2nd.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Correct solutions will be acknowledged.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2612.—By A. G. STUBBS.

WHITE: 1. K to K 7th 2. Q to K 2nd 3. Q mates

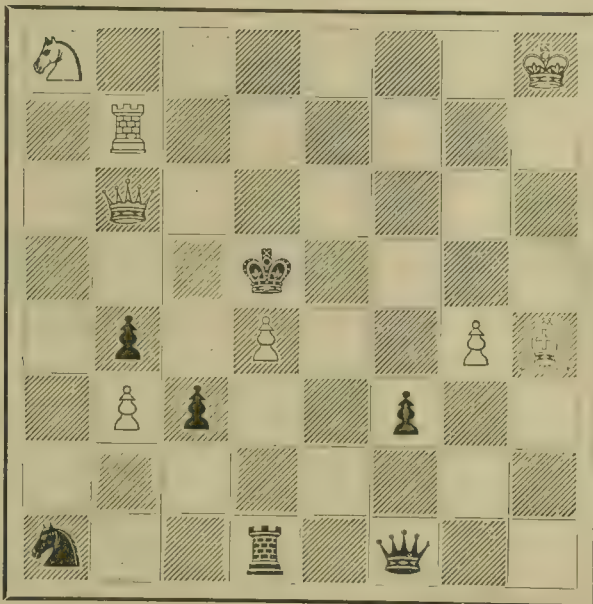
BLACK: K to K 4th K moves

If Black play 1. B to Q 6th; 2. Q takes B (ch), &c.; if 1. B takes P (at B 5th), 2. Q to Kt 5th (ch), and if 1. B takes Kt P, then 2. Q to Q 6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2615.

By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Divan Tourney between MESSRS. ROLLOND and BIRD. (Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	13. B takes B	P takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	14. Q takes P	B to Q 5th (ch)
3. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd	15. K to R sq	Kt to K B 3rd
An irregular move. It is usual to capture the Pawn, and follow with B to Kt 2nd.		16. Q to B 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
4. P to Q 5th		17. Kt to K 2nd	B takes P
Played with good judgment. This centre of Pawns becomes formidable later.		Here Kt to Kt 5th seems better. Black's game is considerably weakened by this exchange.	
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	18. B takes B	Kt takes B
Again White adopts the right course, as Black would be ill advised to exchange the Bishop for Knight, as it would leave his King's side weak, and Queen's side is already open.		19. P to K 5th	
6. B to Q 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	20. P takes P	P takes P
7. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th	21. P takes Kt	Q to Kt 5th
8. B to K 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	22. P takes P	R to R 2nd
9. Kt to K Kt 5th		Q to Q 3rd is the reply to Q takes P.	
A capital move. The R P being advanced, the Knight cannot be dislodged.		23. P to Q 6th	K to Q 2nd
10. Castles	R to Q Kt sq	24. Kt to B 4th	R to R 5th
11. P to K B 4th	Kt to B 5th	25. Q R to K sq	R (R 5th) to R sq
The Knight would have no future at Kt 5th, and if White now takes it Black has an attack on the Kt P with R.		26. Kt to Q 5th	P to K B 4th
12. B to Q B sq	B to Kt 5th	27. Q to B 3rd	Kt to K B 5th
The Pawn is sacrificed for attacking		28. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K takes P
		29. Q to Q 3rd (ch)	K to B 2nd
		30. P Queens	Q takes Q
		31. Q to Q 7th (ch)	K to Kt 6th
		32. Kt takes R	Q to Kt 6th
		33. Q to Q 8th (ch)	Resigns

Game played between Mr. TINSLEY and an AMATEUR.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Amateur).	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Amateur).	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	5th, B takes P; 11. P to K B 4th, B takes R; 12. B to R 3rd (ch); K to K sq; 13. P takes P, B takes P; 14. R to B sq, B to B 6th; 15. Kt to Q 2nd, Q to R 5th (ch), &c.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	11. B takes R	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	12. B to R 3rd (ch)	K to K sq
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	13. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd
5. P to Kt 5th	Kt to R 4th	14. P takes P	P takes P
6. Kt takes P		15. Q to R 4th	B to Q 2nd
The capture may be described as unsound, though it leads to interesting variations, and Black must conduct his game with precision.		16. Q takes Kt	P takes B
6. B takes P (ch)	Q to B 3rd	17. R to Q sq	P to Q 5th
7. P to Q 4th	K to B sq	18. R to Q 3rd	R to Q Kt sq
8. P takes Kt	P to Q 3rd	By a series of forcible moves Black now secures a winning position, although in such endings a fatal mistake may be easily made.	
9. B takes Kt	P takes Kt	19. B to Kt 4th	R takes B
10. B to Q 5th	B takes P	20. Q takes R	Q to Q Kt 3rd
11. Castles			White resigns.

The Chess Bohemians held their first annual supper at the Hôtel de Bâle, Hatton Garden, on April 24, when a large company was gathered in honour of the occasion. Mr. C. Moriau presided, and presented the prizes won during the past year. A very pleasant evening followed, for which every credit is due to the enterprising management of this vigorous club.

The Handicap Tournament which has been going on for some time at Simpson's Divan was brought to a conclusion last week. The entries were of the same class as on previous occasions, and the result brings no new name before the public. Mr. Teichman was first with the fine score of 8 wins and 2 draws, Mr. Rollond second with a total of 7½, and Mr. Bird third with 7 to his credit. It is astonishing how well this veteran player holds his own amid the younger generation, considering the number of years he has been a prominent exponent of the game.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Fortunately the New Gallery held its private view this year on a different date from the Royal Academy, so that the two functions remain apart in one's mind, and are not a mere blur and mixture. From the two views, considered as fashionable functions, remains a sense of the profusion of lace, the popularity of blouses or fitting bodices different from the skirts, and, alas! the growth and progress of the chignon. One of the handsomest dresses at the New Gallery was Lady Coleridge's. It was a biscuit-coloured soft silk, the skirt considerably draped, and the bodice having biscuit moiré sleeves and a yoke of white lace over pale pink. Mrs. Bernard Beere attracted great admiration in the fashionable combination, black and white. She had a long, loose, big-sleeved coat of black moiré, with huge sleeves of lustrous black satin, and with broad, flat, stole-like trimmings down each side of the front of fine white Venetian point lace. Her hat was a broad-brimmed black chip with three tall black feathers and a cluster of white roses mounted on it, and she wore several of those superb opals of which this handsome actress is so fond. Miss Dorothy Dene was another who looked particularly nice, wearing a black and white silk check, the bodice made something like an Eton jacket turned back with wide square-cut revers of white moiré. Madame Albani's dress was studiously plain, all black but for the white lace on the collar. The handsome and distinguished wife of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., wore a smart tailor-made blue cloth costume and toque. Mrs. Schmalz, the artist's wife, picturesque and graceful, wore a reseda crêpon with a huge black hat, a large cluster of yellow tulips tucked into the bodice giving a note of distinction. Another artist's wife looking very artistic was Mrs. C. Wyllie, who had a plain enough straight-falling dress of black crêpon with white guipure yoke, but a bonnet to wonder at, in the Dutch peasant cap shape, set on the back of the head and provided with a wide brim of bright blue velvet laid back over the top.

In the vast apartments of the Royal Academy, persons and gowns are seen to most perfection. Countess Spencer looked, as usual, truly *grande dame* in a coat with sleeves and yoke of purple velvet, and a straight fall from yoke to feet of accordion-pleated black chiffon. Viscountess Hood wore a becoming toilette of black moiré trimmed with white moiré; two full epaulette capes overhanging the sleeves, the top one of black moiré piped with white, the under one reversing this arrangement; the capes over the back were pleated to show the white moiré lining. Lady Blomfield, a beautiful dark young lady, looked bewitching in a grey tweed skirt, with sleeves and vest of the same, and a zouave jacket of white moiré; big picture hat of grey straw, with grey feathers and a grey feather boa. Lady Barnby wore biscuit brocade, with sleeves of armure and simulated zouave and belt outlined with gold and biscuit passementerie; her lovely little daughter (whom Mr. Toole escorted most of the afternoon) proved "beauty unadorned adorned the most" in the simplest of white crêpon frocks with round bodice, and big hat. Lady Greville wore a black satin skirt with green velvet bodice, and a hat from Paris of black straw almost hidden with magenta flowers. For sheer splendour (with absolute taste combined) the palm-branch must be divided between Baroness De Worms and Mrs. A. Morrison. The latter, whose collection of old lace is of world-wide renown, wore a silver-grey corded silk, made with a train, edged all round with a band of magnificent old Venetian point, and a mantle of alternate broad stripes of mirror velvet shot from pale blue to silver grey, and Irish point insertion. This exquisite garment was finished at the neck by a full frill of black chiffon, and the bonnet was of black and white combined. Baroness De Worms's gown was a shot-blue silk, most richly and elaborately embroidered with flat *paillettes* of shimmering blue jet.

Of the theatrical contingent, Mrs. Patrick Campbell decidedly attracted most attention. She wore a dull-black moiré three-quarter coat and skirt, with a deep collar over the shoulders of orange velvet, and a big hat of pale brown straw, trimmed with a profusion of yellow flowers, a large white lace veil coming from the big hat brim and drawn in round the throat. Miss Julia Neilson had a loose-fronted coat of chené silk, the ground white, the flowers green and red, opening over a vest cut low down in the throat, and composed of drapings of lace; the skirt was white silk. Miss Olga Nethersole (whom I was amazed to find quite short when she was introduced to me; she looks tall on the stage, somehow) had a full-length black moiré coat with a white skirt showing at moments down the front, and a hat with a great many magenta flowers. Miss Lily Hanbury (taller off the stage than on) was plainly gowned in black satin, and wore a long scarf of white Brussels lace over her shoulders, loosely held on, looking like an early Victorian picture. Mrs. Lancaster Wallis had a tailor gown of chocolate flecked with red, and a red vest; brown hat with black feathers. Of the artistic contingent, Mrs. Fred Goodall looked best in a black satin dress trimmed with narrow white Valenciennes, and a loose coat bodice opening over a vest of heliotrope and gold brocade. Mrs. Henrietta Rae (whose picture has the post of honour at the end of the long suite of rooms, and looks beautiful—so beautiful that when I suggested to an R.A. that she really ought to be made an Associate on the next vacancy, he took it quite seriously) was wearing a purple-and-green shot silk and little black toque.

Numerous "May meetings" of ladies' associations show the great development of women's activities in the social world. I have never for a single moment believed that women who, under the imperative call of modern social conditions, feel it right to take and express an interest in something outside their family and private affairs, would be the less inclined to all that is graciously feminine; and nobody can now go to any one of these meetings—be it to the advanced guard in the Woman's Franchise League, the stately aristocracy of the Primrose League, the emulative solemnity of the Women's Liberal Unionist Association, the active and lively debates of the Women's Liberal Federation, the energetic and ascetic Women's Temperance Union—without being struck by the many pretty faces, the general charming and up-to-date dress, and the feminine atmosphere.

NONSENSE ABOUT SHAKSPERE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Are we all dwellers in Stratford-on-Avon? Apparently so, for, according to a writer—"W. W. A.," in the *Pall Mall Magazine*—"all but the worthy dwellers in Stratford-on-Avon admit that" the question as to whether Shakspeare wrote his own plays "is a subject for serious discussion." I admit nothing of the kind: it is not "a subject for serious discussion," and is not so regarded by mankind in general—even in America. In America scholars stand apart from these absurdities, which engage minds capable of believing in the Book of Mormon.

Here are some of the author's arguments. Shakspeare got very little teaching at school, if at school he ever was: his handwriting is bad. As he probably wrote his only surviving signatures on his death-bed, that is not very wonderful. Tradition makes him "intemperate." Was Burns notoriously sober? Was Marlowe wont to sport a blue ribbon? Shakspeare was a poacher. "And what for no?" Every sportsman without lands of his own can feel for Shakspeare. Squires' sons all poach, if they have the chance, at school. I poached last Saturday—not much, nor successfully; still, I poached. "He married Anne Hathaway under circumstances discreditable to both." So did "famous, famous Samuel Rutherford," that flower of scholarly Presbyterians, marry Mrs. Rutherford, after what Meg Dodds elliptically styles "pre-nup." This solecism has nothing to do with the matter, and Burns is again in point. Shakspeare's father could not read. What of it? About 1685 Shakspeare began his struggles in town, certainly with little lore, or knowledge of cities. Yet his plays are full of knowledge. Exactly, in seven or eight years genius can acquire a good deal of information. You take a girl of seventeen from her spinning-wheel and her sheep; she "does not know A from B." Instantly she is addressing kings and queens with all the courtly forms of old France; she is an accomplished horsewoman and tilter; she astounds friendly and hostile gatherings of ecclesiastics; she leads armies; she points guns; she directs boldly and well the strategy and policy of a nation. This is far more "impossible" than the acquisition of knowledge by a grown man in the course of seven or eight years of life in London, and on the stage. Perhaps the *Pall Mall* critic will deny that the Jeanne d'Arc of Domremy was the Jeanne of Chinon, Orléans, Patay, Paris, Rouen. That denial would be more natural than the refusal of Shakspeare's plays to Shakspeare: more natural and not more absurd. The truth is that Genius explains both marvels. We cannot explain genius, and some persons find it more easy to fly in the face of attested history and to refuse their belief to certain facts. Shakspeare shows knowledge of "the customs, and form, and diction of the aristocracy." So, as observers attest, did that other human miracle, the girl of Domremy. These things, no doubt, are marvellous in our eyes, but there is no doubt that these things are true.

Again, there are no traces of Shaksperian MSS., works or letters. We "have not a line from his hand." Nor have we, except in one or two legal deeds, a line from the hand of Molière. Yet Molière lived longer in public, in an age more recent. However, of all his manuscripts and letters not one line survives. Does it follow that he did not write his plays? Shakspeare "never met with authors and thinkers." What, not at the Mermaid? He never met Ben Jonson; yet Ben says, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry"—which, therefore, had already set in—"as much as any." Ben knew Shakspeare; he loved him as a man, he attributed the plays to Shakspeare, he regretted Shakspeare's lack of classical scholarship, and he loved him, personally, to the verge of idolatry. The minds of the sceptics about Shakspeare are singular minds: one only encounters the like among old ladies who believe in Anglo-Israel. I have never understood how they get round, or over, or under the testimony of Ben Jonson. They must have—at least it is only courteous to suppose that they must have—an hypothesis somewhere. In 1593 one calling himself William Shakspeare publishes "Venus and Adonis." He follows it up by "Lucretia," which is spoken of in three books of 1594, and in a contemporary manuscript note to "Polimanteia," as "sweet Shakspeare's." The "Pilgrimage to Parnassus" attests his early popularity, and grudges it. In 1592 Green attacks "Shakescene," and Chettle apologises to Shakspeare, "unknown" to authors as he was. Then the plays follow, and run their course. What hypothesis accounts for all this among the cultured sceptics outside of Stratford-on-Avon? The Donnelly people must allege that Bacon, or somebody, looking out for a pseudonym, chose that of a drunken, ignorant, immoral, poaching hanger-on of the stage. They must concede that the rather improbable attribution of poems and plays to a debauched butcher's apprentice who could hardly write his name was not thought an absurd jest by contemporaries, but was seriously accepted. They must account for Ben Jonson's loving, in the said dirty loafer, the qualities which he admired in the plays and poems. Unless the Elizabethans were *crétins*—which few allege—this delusion of theirs is incredible. No such portentous practical joke could be played on a generation. "He never met with authors." This assertion the *Pall Mall* writer makes, apparently in giant ignorance, for it would be absurd to

suspect the good faith of a gentleman so choicely credulous of the dully impossible. "No man thought of writing his biography." We do not know what men "thought of," but biographies of literary characters were not so very common under Elizabeth as under Victoria. Who wrote Edmund Spenser's? Who wrote Beaumont's, or Fletcher's, or Herrick's, in a later age? What became of Shakspeare's books, which he must have had? Well, what became of Molière's? Nobody knows. Have we many of Ben Jonson's? Are Marlowe's, Webster's, Ford's libraries on view anywhere? Then our critic wonders at Shakspeare's preference of a country life at Stratford-on-Avon, where he was a personage and a gentleman of coat armour. He wonders at his carelessness of his printed plays. He is horrified by the tradition about his death. There is a similar tradition about the death of Burns, and perhaps the later is the more authentic legend. In all this mass of puerility, there is not a word about contemporary evidence to the charm of Shakspeare's character, to the greatness of Shakspeare's genius. Yet that evidence exists, and is incompatible with sanity in his coevals if Shakspeare was not our Shakspeare. Genius is always a miracle, and in miracles the stupid have been taught to disbelieve. Consequently, they have to invent dreary myths for their own consumption, like Mr. Donnelly's idea that Saxo Grammaticus wrote in Danish, and Dares Phrygius—in Greek! "W. W. A.," whoever he may be, calls his article "In a Library." If he has got into a library, he had better read a good deal before he tries to write.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

Well, I have screwed up my courage and eaten it. *Haschich*! Ever since that delirious chapter in "Monte Cristo," I have longed for the dream-compelling drug. In "Monte Cristo," you remember, the *haschich*-eater has delightful visitors—ladies, untrammelled by convention, not disposed to stand on etiquette. I suppose they will come by and by. At present I am conscious of nothing but a buzzing as of children's voices, varied by an occasional shriek which suggests 'Arriet out for a Sunday afternoon. And there is music—not the exquisite strains which herald the approach of dancing girls, but much drumming and a mixture of melodies—the "Marseillaise," for instance, and "E dunno where 'e are." Well, I suppose even *haschich* must adapt itself to the spirit of the times. Stay, this looks like the good old romantic business—a possession of Indian princes headed by a noble lord with a copy of the *Nineteenth Century* in his hand. He bows politely and says he is the Earl of Meath, and that he is leading the Indian princes to take their seats in the House of Lords. "All right," I remark; "but where's Naoroji?" He frowns, and the princes scowl horribly and finger their scimitars in a painfully significant way. This is rather like the real thing; but I hope the *haschich* won't go too far. Here comes a man of peace, just in the nick of time, a bishop, too—his Grace of Derry, full of lamentations over that foul welter of atheism and animalism, the literature of the day. Then another burst of drums, and enter a familiar figure, Mr. Traill, fresh from the Royal Institution and other centres of enlightenment, with a volume of Tennyson under his arm. He is enormously amused by something which proves to be "Will Water-proof's Monologue" and the pint of port. I wonder whether Tennyson would have been equally diverting had he tried *haschich*. Suddenly we are joined by a professor, Karl Pearson to wit, who reads from the *Fortnightly* a vivacious article about the glorious time coming when none of us will be for the family party but all of us for the State. The State, indeed, will decide who are to be our parents; papas and mammas will be merely instrumental; we shall be dedicated to Red Tape in our cradles, and christened after public buildings. Ha! the drug is working famously now, and no mistake. But why this continuous blare of trumpets? Perhaps it is in honour of William Archer, who, for some reason, is disguised as a Red Indian, a character not out of keeping with his cast of features. He seems dejected, and says that although he has buried the hatchet and hangs no more scalps of dramatic authors over the mantelpiece in his wigwam, there are other warriors still on the warpath. Here a terrific whoop bursts on my ear. "That's Clement," sighs William, "exercising for his next article!"

Who will save our English drama,
Drama of our dawning culture,
From the hand of ruthless savage,
Hunting Hare and shooting Robins,
In the gentle groves of Garrick?
O my brethren, spare the pale-face,
Pale face of dramatic author,
Pale face of deserving woman,
One of those surprising Georges,
Georges of another gender,
Who have made our English fiction
Strangely, subtly, smartly piquant!

This Hiawathan flow of eloquence was interrupted by an altercation between Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who brandished the *Contemporary* and cried "Your New Hedonist ought to be kicked out of every drawing-room!" and Mr. Grant Allen, who flourished *Longman's* and exclaimed, "Wah, wah, wah, wah!" Turning to me he said aside, "Don't think this is a mere repartee like 'Yah!' It is one of the 'Beginnings of Speech,' and means 'Woe is me!' or something of that kind." "The fiction of the present day," proceeded Mr. Greenwood, "is an outrage on decency!" "My dear Sir," replied Mr. Grant Allen, "if somebody is putting sugar in your tea when you don't take sugar, you don't say 'Don't,' for that demands a process of intellect, and there isn't time for it. You say 'Wah!'" "Gentlemen, gentlemen," interposed Mr. Leslie Stephen, looking up from the *National Review*, "remember the

duties of authors. You must make us see facts directly instead of being befooled by words. Now to say 'Wah!' at a critical moment might be construed as evasion." "True," said Mr. Andrew Lang, arriving breathlessly on the scene with his pockets full of periodicals, "I have just been bricking up nuns at the Academy banquet. It was a confusing occupation, especially as I had to throw in a discussion on romance and realism, Shakspeare and Zola; but I distinctly remember that the nuns did not say 'Wah.' Just as I put in the last lump of sugar—I mean the last brick—they said with the utmost composure, 'Go to! Who burnt Joan of Arc?'" "Who talks of Shakspeare?" said a voice with an American accent. "It is about time that Stratford man was deposed from his pedestal, at any rate in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. I suppose some of you in this old country still believe that the man who was apprenticed to a butcher and stole a deer could write the 'Sonnets,' and that the brain which fuddled itself to death in a Warwickshire tavern conceived 'King Lear.' You are rather shy of a serious discussion of this myth—

But will ye dare to follow
If Astor clears the way?"

To this responded a deep bass growl from the recesses of the *Quarterly Review*: "There's nothing mythical about Shakspeare except his natural history. For a century or more we have been applauding his universal knowledge, but he had a genius for borrowing other people's ideas and putting them into incomparable diction, though the ideas were often wrong, especially about natural objects. What did Shakspeare know about bees or weasels? His ignorance of their habits is absolute, and we go on quoting that ignorance as if it were the sublimest wisdom."

At this point I thought the *haschich* was going it pretty strong, but, bless you, it was only beginning. In bounced a young woman, dressed like a housemaid, and proceeded to pull off a wig and tear her own hair. "I once played a joke on Alfred," she said, with a sob, "by pretending to be a lady's maid and getting admission to his house in disguise. He found out that I understood German, and when there was a difficulty about drawing the cork of a bottle of beer at dinner, he said, 'Let her try; she can do anything.' And I put this sparkling jest of Alfred's into a diary, and now somebody has published it in *Blackwood*!" Thinking to soothe her, I said gently, "Wah, wah!" but she turned on me an indignant glance and fled. Then I spied Brander Matthews and W. D. Howells. Mr. Matthews was showing his companion the *Century* and saying: "I have left off writing about books and taken to bindings"; and Mr. Howells, producing *Harper's*, remarked: "And I have left off scoffing at English fiction and taken to reminiscences of the happy time when I wrote poetry." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he was surrounded by a phantasmagoric company, headed by little Dorothy Drew, who seemed to be dressed in the cover of the *English Illustrated*. Moorish gentlemen in quaint robes, with mysterious jewels in their turbans, carried a bedstead on which Mr. R. L. Stevenson appeared to be writing with great composure, while a troop of Phil May's caricatures insisted on shaking me by the hand. After this procession came a Girton girl demurely pondering a number of *Cassell's*. She looked at me and said, "The tone of Girton is one of gentle severity, but, according to Mrs. Lynn Linton—"

Here there was a terrific crash of a brass band, and I woke to find that a Labour procession with banners and trumpets was passing the club, and that *Cornhill*, with an article on "*Haschich*-Eating," was lying on my knee. L. F. A.

THE PALACE HOTEL, HASTINGS.

On Monday, April 30, this hotel, at one of the most agreeable seaside towns on the Sussex coast, with pleasant rural scenery in its neighbourhood, was reopened by Messrs. Spiers and Pond, after considerable alterations and improvements. It has been specially adapted to the accommodation of families, who can obtain, if needed,



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THE PALACE HOTEL, HASTINGS.

suites of five connected rooms with most comfortable furniture; the verandah, extending the whole length of the building, affords the enjoyment of fresh air with entire protection from rain; the ventilation, the electric lighting, and the lift apparatus have been made perfect; and in case of danger from fire, there is easy passage out of the high building to the cliff behind. The lounging and smoking rooms are particularly well arranged for hours of repose.

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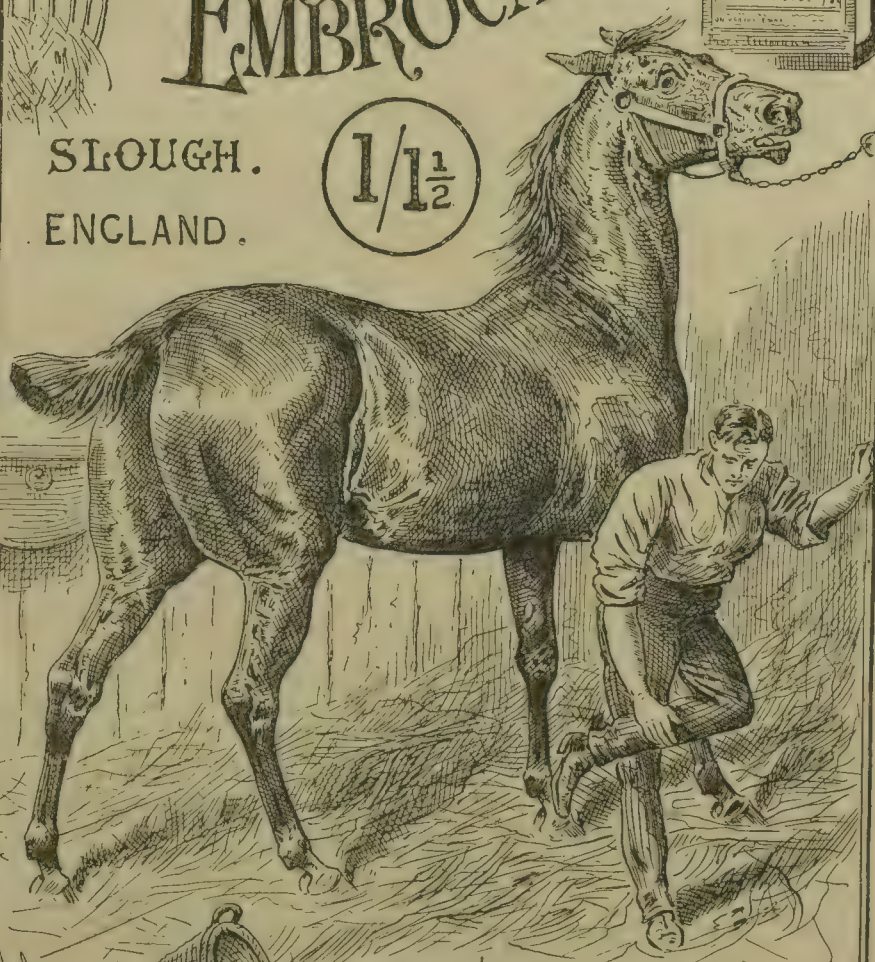
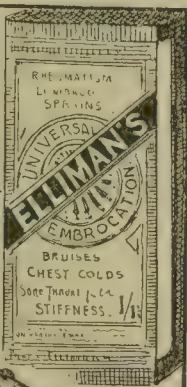
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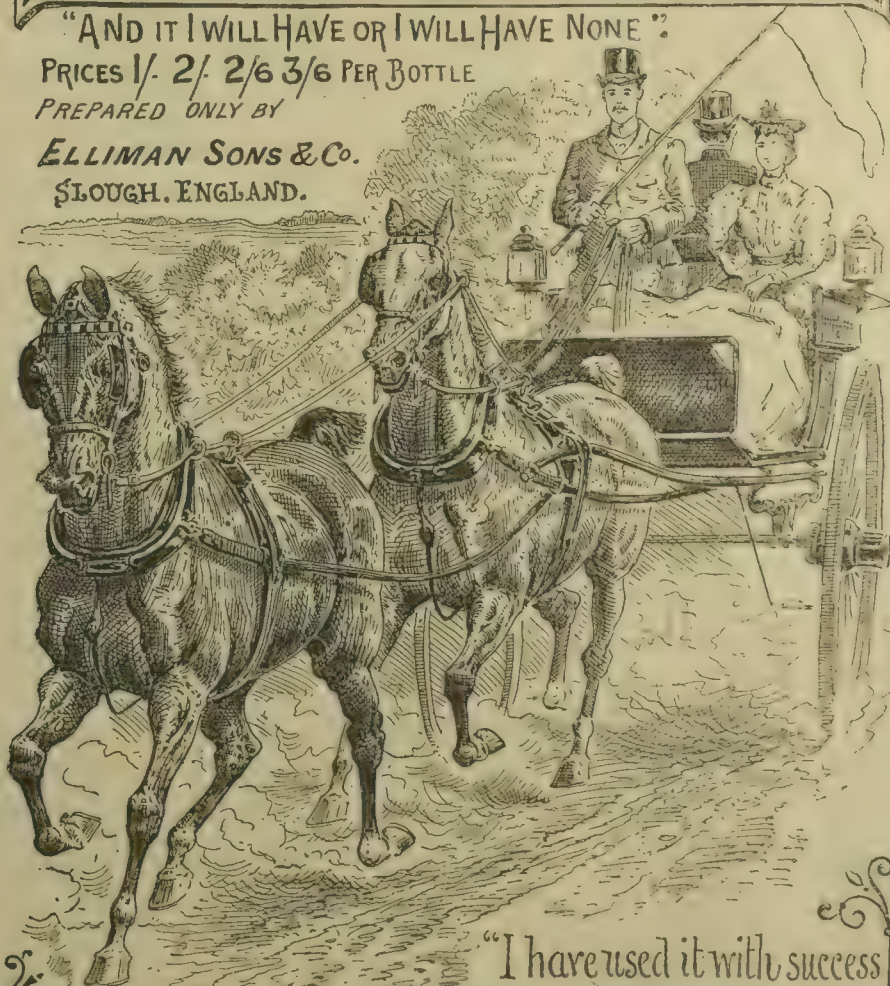
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I honestly wish I could be deeply moved by the performance of the Italian actress Eleonora Duse in the character of Margaret in "The Lady of the Camellias." I have tried to the utmost of my power to be affected by one of the most affecting stage romances in existence as she plays it, and I have failed on two occasions. I see others weeping around me. But I remain unmoved, without a stir in the pulse. I could not pump up a tear if I tried, even in the death scene, which, to my mind, is in mere technique one of the most marvellous bits of studied but uninspired acting that I have ever seen. To my mind—I may be wrong—Eleonora Duse never really feels the scenes and situations in which she is engaged. She does not say to herself, Who and what is Margaret Gautier? What kind of a woman is she? How would she behave in this scene or that? How would she be stirred by this or that train of circumstances? She seems to me to say, "How can I play Margaret Gautier unlike any other actress that ever lived?" The war that Eleonora Duse is carrying on is the war that several of our leaders of dramatic thought are ineffectually carrying on—that is to say, the war against all that is theatrically effective in art. Forgetting that a theatre is a theatre and not a lecturer's rostrum, this really great artist proceeds to preach the gospel of ineffectiveness in a cool, deliberate, and unmoved manner. Now I will take two celebrated incidents out of the "Dame aux Camélias," and ask how the method of Eleonora Duse can be justified? She, the tired courtesan, has had a new view of life. She has left her haunts of dissipation, her careless companions, and has come down to the country to do her best with her wrecked life under the influence of an earnest man. The man's father comes down and points out to the woman what he conceives her duty to be. He asks her to make the great sacrifice, to give up what to her is the holiest moment of her life as an atonement for her disreputable past. She consents to make the sacrifice. She sits down to write a letter of farewell, which tears her heart out at every word she writes. Now, this may be theatrical, but it is at least human and effective. The writing of that letter, as acted by Sarah Bernhardt, melts the whole audience in tears. But what does Eleonora Duse do? She cuts out the writing of the letter altogether. It is theatrical, and she will have nothing to do with it. So the scene goes for nothing. What is the object of this? For the life of me I cannot see. But the parting has to take place after all, and what might be the most affecting parting in drama is reduced to the level of the baldest commonplace. Why? Because I can conceive the Italian actress saying to herself, "I will not make points," and this is an historic point with all Margarets. She conceives the position to be that of a woman who steels and nerves herself for the encounter of parting, who resolves that her lover shall not see a tear or a throb, and who will appear to him impassive, unmoved, and uninterested. She will be the latest instance of suppressed emotion. At any rate, she will be natural. But the question is, is she natural?

She cannot be, when in her nature she conveys a decidedly false impression. The audience, noting the suppression of love in Duse's love-making, thinks she is not in love. The audience, seeing the cold hand-shake with Armando when she is leaving him for ever, concludes she has no affection for him whatever. The audience, seeing the abrupt exit, cannot make head or tail of the woman or the play. This may be a new school of art, but it is not the school of artistic nature. The actress, to be a great artist in this scene, has to do two things—she has to act to her lover with indifference, but she has, as well, to show to her audience what her feelings and emotions really are.

Robert Browning says—

God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul-sides: one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

But, so far as I have seen, Eleonora Duse never shows two soul-sides in this particular play. In the first act she is not the double Margaret—one the good comrade in a filthy, frivolous world, the other a woman with an aspiration for purity and godliness. She is never the double Margaret in her love—one compelled by the brutal world to grovel for money, the other praying for a pure and unselfish love. In the scene with the father she is not the two Margarets—the one humble and submissive to her lover's old father, the other at war with her own soul. In the parting with her lover she is not the two Margarets—the one outwardly calm, indifferent, unmoved, the other suffering in her heart the most awful torture that woman can endure. It is only one side of the Lady of the Camellias that Eleonora Duse shows, the woman who is continually stifling herself and her natural emotion. And a very natural woman—that is, if she could be presented on the stage. But she cannot be so presented on the stage. Suppressed passion or emotion are not stifled passion and emotion. On the stage we must have accent if we require effect. But Eleonora Duse stifles and discourages all the emotional scenes, all the point-making scenes, all the theatrical and effective part of the play, in order to triumph in the last act. Here, indeed, she has her two soul-sides, and the wonder is to the astonished audience that if she really loved her Armando so much why she had not taken the trouble to express it with so much colour before. It may be very natural for a woman on her death-bed to tell her lover that she had secretly adored him all her life, but it would have been much pleasanter to both of them if she had let it out before. The death scene of Camilla by Eleonora Duse is a superb specimen of technique in art, but, absolutely finished as it was with Nasmyth and Meissonier effects, it left me in a state of artistic admiration, but absolutely unmoved.

I declare that I was more affected a few afternoons before by the Margaret of Madame Anna Ruppert, an absolute novice, who without knowledge of the stage, without training, without tuition, gave me a far better idea of the Margaret Gautier of Dumas—I mean of the woman, her circumstance and situation—than all the

elaborate gesture and exquisite drawing of Eleonora Duse. But the trained artist was disciplined and the novice was occasionally inspired. But after all, it is only the old Talma fight over again. Which is the best, the stage scholar or the stage enthusiast? Obviously, neither is best. We want the combination of the two. If Eleonora Duse had the emotional power of a Rachel, a Desclée, a Favart, or a Bernhardt, she would be the greatest actress who ever lived; as it is, she is the greatest and the coldest stage scholar!

With regard to the Whitsuntide arrangements of traffic by the Hook of Holland route to the Continent, we must correct an accidental misprint in our notice last week concerning the time of starting, every weekday evening, from the port of Antwerp, on the return voyage to England. The steamer leaves Antwerp at 6.45 p.m., not at 5.46 p.m., and there is a good table-d'hôte dinner on board while the vessel glides down the Scheldt, before putting out to sea.

Benger's Food has had for many years a reputation as an easily digested and nutritious article of diet for invalids, dyspeptics, and children. Its elements are combined in such a form that the digestive organs can act upon them with the least possible exercise of assimilative power. It is constantly prescribed by medical men of high standing, and is commended by the medical journals as a kind of diet which the most delicate stomach will often retain when all other foods are rejected. Not the least of its merits is the ease with which it is prepared.

The International Shoe and Leather Fair was held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, from April 30 to May 8. At this exhibition Messrs. Day and Martin were well represented with a good show of their celebrated specialties, such as real Japan liquid blacking and the well-known russet cream for brown boots.

The word "gun" is becoming ambiguous in these days, by its different usage in military discussions, where it means not small-arms but field artillery, or the armament of forts or ships, and in the ordinary language of sportsmen, or of the manufacturers and traders who supply beautiful shooting instruments of wonderful mechanical perfection for gentlemen's pastime. In the "Catalogue of Guns for Season 1894," issued by Mr. G. E. Lewis, of 32 and 33, Lower Loveday Street, Birmingham, we find an amazing variety, from Anson and Deeley's hammerless central-fire breechloader, the highest type called "The Gun of the Period," down to the simplest muzzle-loader with a bar lock, not to mention air-guns, saloon rifles, and other toys. Much useful and entertaining knowledge is compressed into this sixpenny pamphlet, besides precise details for purchasers' guidance.

The May edition of the "Royal Blue Book" (Kelly and Co.), which holds so high a place among fashionable directories, has just appeared. The correctness of its information and the clear form in which its contents are presented are an ample justification of the book's popularity.

THE HONEY OF WISDOM!!!

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WHO BEST CAN SUFFER BEST CAN DO.—Milton.

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WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?

Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the TALE of Life; what sheds the PUREST LIGHT UPON OUR REASON; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to SOFTEN THE HEART of man and elevate his soul—I would answer with Lassus, it is

EXPERIENCE.—Lord Lytton.

"J. C. ENO.

"SIR,—Will you to-day allow me to present you with this Testimonial and Poem on your justly celebrated 'FRUIT SALT'? Being the writer for several first-class London Magazines, and my occupation being a very sedentary one, I came here for a few weeks in order to see what change of air would do for me, and, at the wish of some personal friends of mine here, I have taken your 'FRUIT SALT,' and the good results accruing therefrom have been my reason for addressing you.—I am, Sir, yours truly, A LADY."

As sunshine on fair Nature's face,
Which dearly do we love to trace;
As welcome as the flowers in May,
That bloom around us on our way;
As welcome as the wild bird's song,
Which greets us as we go along;
As welcome as the flowers' perfume
That scents the air in sweet, sweet June,
Is Eno's famous "Fruit Salt"!

Cool and refreshing as the breeze,
To Headache it gives certain ease;
Biliousness it does assuage,
And cures it both in Youth and Age;
Giddiness it will arrest,
And give both confidence and rest;
Thirst it will at once allay,
And what the best in every way—
Why, Eno's famous "Fruit Salt"!

The Appetite it will enforce,
And help the system in its course;
Perhaps you've ate or drunk too much,
It will restore like magic touch;
Depression, with its fearful sway,
It drives electric-like away;
And if the blood is found impure,
What effects a perfect cure?
Why, Eno's famous "Fruit Salt"!

Free from danger, free from harm,
It acts like some magician's charm;
At any time a dainty draught,
Which will dispel disease's shaft;
More priceless than the richest gold,
That ever did its wealth unfold;
And all throughout our native land
Should always have at their command
Eno's famous "Fruit Salt"!

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.—"Dear Sir,—Having been in the habit of taking your 'FRUIT SALT' for many years, I think it only right to tell you that I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures I have ever tried. I am never without a bottle of it in the house, as I find it possesses three most desirable qualities—namely, it is pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after-effects. I do not wish my name to appear, but apart from the publication of that you are welcome to make use of this testimonial if it is of service.—A DEVONSHIRE LADY.—Jan. 25, 1889."

SCARLET FEVER, PYÆMIA, ERYSIPELAS, MEASLES, GANGRENE, and almost every mentionable disease: "I have been a nurse for upwards of ten years, and in that time have nursed cases of scarlet fever, pyæmia, erysipelas, measles, gangrene, cancer, and almost every mentionable disease. During the whole time I have not been ill myself for a single day, and this I attribute in a great measure to the use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which has kept my blood in a pure state. I recommended it to all my patients during convalescence. Its value as a means of health cannot be over-estimated.—A PROFESSIONAL NURSE, M.R.B.N.A. (Royal British Nurses' Association).—April 21, 1894."

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 2, 1890) of Mr. John Cleife, of Rua do Valle do Perciro, near Lisbon, was proved in London on May 1, the value of the English assets exceeding £155,000. The testator gives his horses, carriages, and outdoor effects to his wife, Mrs. Frances Cleife; his furniture and effects to his wife, for life, and then to his daughter, Mrs. Mary Ann Davidson; his house at Cintra, with the furniture and effects, and an immediate legacy of £1500, to his wife; £60,000 to his wife; £30,000 to his daughter; £15,000 to his son-in-law, Augustus Davidson; £10,000 to be divided between his grandchildren, Fanny Mary Davidson and Florence Fraser Davidson Serodio; and considerable legacies to relatives and others. He also bequeaths £800 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes; £2000 to form a fund for the permanent maintenance of the service at St. George's Protestant Chapel at Lisbon, and £1000 to the Protestant school in connection therewith; and legacies to Portuguese charitable institutions, to the chapel erected by him and to the poor of the parish in which he resided, to be distributed by the prior thereof. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, daughter, son-in-law, and grandchildren, to be equally divided between them.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1892) of Mr. Coryndon Henry Luxmoore, of 18, St. John's Wood Park, who died on March 27, was proved on April 26 by Henry Stephen Hansler and Arthur Ball, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £92,000. The testator gives his residence, 18, St. John's Wood Park, to his daughter Emily; a house in Russell Square to his daughter Augusta; the contents of his residence, except money and securities, to his said two daughters; £10,000 to his son Barton; £4000 to the widow of his late son Arthur; £20,000 upon trust for her life or widowhood, and then for her children by his son Arthur; £500 to the widow of his late son Douglas; £20,000 upon trust for her for life or widowhood, and then for her children by his son Douglas; £300 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughters, Emily and Augusta, to be equally divided between them, and he appoints to them the unappointed four-fifths of the trust funds of his marriage settlement.

The will (dated May 28, 1885), with two codicils (dated Oct. 14, 1888, and May 25, 1889), of Mr. Frederick Robert Crowder, of Uxbridge Lodge, Surbiton, who died on March 26, was proved on April 19 by Frederick Jeffries Crowder, George Augustus Crowder, and William Henry Crowder, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £55,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, live and dead stock, and £2420 to his said three sons; an additional sum of £4000 to his son George Augustus; and legacies to servants. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves ten equal forty-fourth parts each to his three sons; seven forty-fourth parts, upon trust, for his daughter Lucy Green, her husband and children; and seven forty-fourth parts, upon trust, for his daughter Julia Green, for life, and then for his other children or their respective issue, as she shall appoint.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated Sept. 14, 1877) of Mr. Samuel Boyd, J.P., of Illerton, Killiney, in the county of Dublin, merchant, who died on Jan. 14, granted to Mrs. Jane Boyd, the widow, and sole executrix, was resealed in London on April 20, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £53,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his daughter Martha Eveleen. The residue of his property he gives to his wife, for life, and then to be divided between his said daughter and his sons, Samuel Parker Walker, Alexander James, Denham Smith, John Boyd, William Herbert, and Alfred Ernest. In the event of his wife marrying again, he leaves one third of his property to her, and the other two thirds to be divided between his children.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1886) of Mr. Thomas Brown Crunden, of New Road, Brighton, cabinet-maker and upholsterer, and of Oak Hall, Burgess Hill, who died on Jan. 6 was proved on April 25 by Frederick Crunden, the brother and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £46,000. The testator gives £100 each to the Sussex County Hospital, and the Brighton and Hove Dispensary; £1000, upon trusts for investment, the income to be applied in the purchase of food or fuel to be distributed at the discretion of his trustees among the poor inhabitants of the parish of Burgess Hill; his share of his late father's estate at Burgess Hill, known as Oak Hall, to his brother Frederick; the remainder of his share of his late father's estate, upon trust, in equal seventh parts, for his sisters, Elizabeth, Mary, Jane, Annie, Lizette, Alice, and Minnie; and legacies to employes and servants. The residue of his property he gives to his brother Frederick absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1884), with five codicils (dated Jan. 16 and May 8, 1885; Jan. 17, 1890; Sept. 25, 1891; and March 13, 1893), of Mr. Seymour Robert Delmé, of Cams Hall, Fareham, Hants, Lord of the Manor of Cams Oysell and Titchfield and other manors in the said county, who died on March 12, was proved on April 20 by Charles Edward Radclyffe and John Griffiths, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the vicar and churchwardens of the old church, Titchfield, to be invested and the income distributed among the poor of the district attached to the said church without distinction of creed; £1000 to the vicar and churchwardens of Crofton, and £1000 to the vicars and churchwardens of the churches of St. Peter and Holy Trinity, Fareham, both for a like purpose; £1000 each to the Royal Hants County Hospital, Winchester, and the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution; £500 to the Portsmouth Hospital; £200 each to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Brompton), the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £100 each to the British Home for Incurables (Clapham Rise), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the Hospital for Women (Soho Square), the City of London Truss Society, the Gentlewomen's Help Institution, and St. Giles's Christian

Mission (Wild Street); his diamond necklace, earrings, and pendant, the portrait of his grandmother, Lady Betty Delmé, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the family portraits to his nephew, Emilius Charles Delmé Radclyffe; and large legacies to nephews, nieces, relatives of late wife, godchildren, executors, servants, and others. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares per capita among the children who may be alive at the time of his decease, of his nephews and nieces, Henry E. Delmé Radclyffe, George Delmé Radclyffe, Julia Frances Hamilton, Mary Anne Hanslow, and Margaret Amelia Murray.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of the county of Haddington, of the disposition and settlement (dated May 14, 1887) and codicils (dated respectively July 11, 1887, and July 29, 1892) of Dame Frances Elizabeth Arkwright or Dalrymple, the widow of Sir Hew Dalrymple, Bart., who died on Feb. 28 at Luchie House, North Berwick, granted to Sir George Warrender of Lochend, Bart., the executor nominate, was resealed in London on May 1, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £40,000.

The will (dated Jan. 9, 1886), with a codicil (dated Jan. 10, 1894), of Sir Gerald Richard Dalton-Fitzgerald, Bart., of Thurnham Hall, Lancashire, and 36, Lowndes Square, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on April 27 by Dame Agnes Georgiana Dalton-Fitzgerald, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator leaves the estates registered in his name in the land registry, and comprising nearly the whole of the township of Bulk, upon trust, to pay one half the income to his wife, for life, and then to Lord Newtown Butler, for life, and the other half of the income to his nephew, the Marchese Carlo Serlupi, for life, and then to Lord Newtown Butler, for life; on the death of the latter the property is to be divided between his children. He confirms the appointment of £700 per annum to his wife, charged on the Thurnham estate, and there are various legacies and provisions. The residue of his property in England he leaves to his wife, for life, and in the event of his leaving no children, to his sister, Cecilia, Marchesa Serlupi.

The will and codicil of Dame Gertrude Ingham, of 40, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, who died on March 19, was proved on April 20 by Robert Wood Ingham, the son, and Miss Geraldine Marion Ingham and Miss Alice Martha Ingham, the daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3026.

The will of Mr. William Dudley Ryder, of 40, Pall Mall, who died on April 11, at Wellwood House, Torquay, was proved on April 28 by Richard Calthorpe Whitmore Ryder, the brother, the executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1077.

The Lord Mayor of London, on May 5, opened the Industrial Exhibition on the grounds at Earl's Court, to include gardens, concert-rooms, theatres, Captain Boyton's diving and aquatic feats, and a huge wheel like that of Chicago, lifting passengers 300 ft. high.

"Hurrah! Here it comes!"



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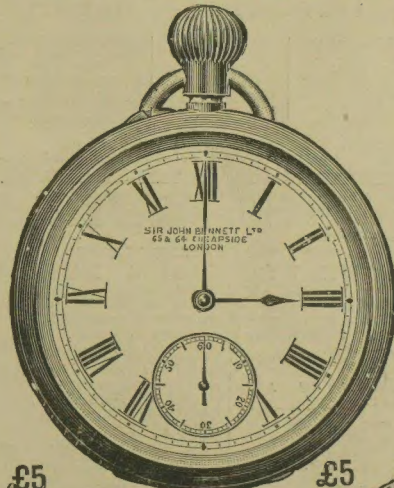
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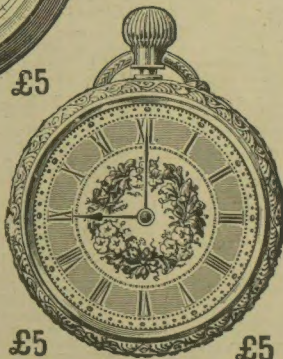
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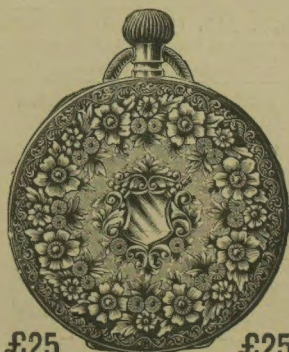
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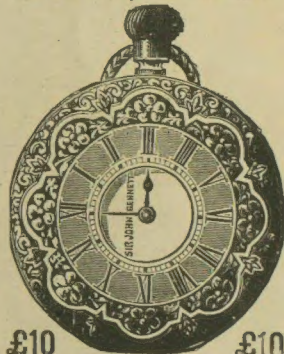
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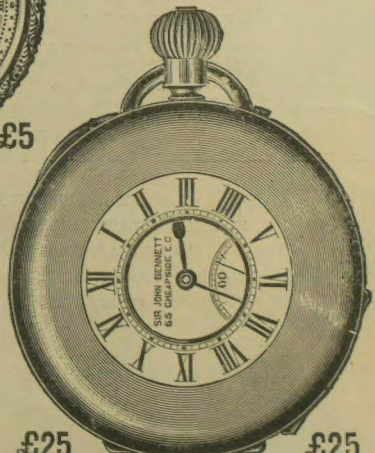


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MUSIC.

The interest taken in the cause and progress of musical art by the Queen and the royal family has been manifested in a thousand different ways during the past fifty years; but never has that interest assumed so imposing an aspect of regal patronage as on the occasion of the recent opening of the Royal College of Music, illustrated and described on previous pages of this issue.

The hero of the fourth Philharmonic concert was M. Paderewski, whose appearance under the auspices of our premier orchestral society was the more noteworthy because it was understood to be the only time that he would be heard in a London concert-room this season. Why the gifted pianist has elected to confine his recitals to the provinces this spring and leave the capital severely alone, we do not pretend to know. If it be through fear of exhausting a source which has hitherto yielded many "golden eggs," we hardly think there was any necessity for the precaution. Paderewski-worship does not yet seem to have reached the point at which decline

begins, and at any rate the Philharmonic treasury (which must be getting richer just now than it has been for several decades) profited extensively by the crowd that filled the Queen's Hall to overflowing on May 2. There is no need to tell how the virtuoso played his "Polish Fantasia" or to describe the scene of enthusiasm which his magnificent performance aroused. After this, to play one of the simplest of the "Lieder ohne Worte" for an encore was something like employing the Nasmyth hammer to crack a nut. Nevertheless, the audience showed itself extremely grateful for the kernel. Another triumph was won on the same night by Mr. Edward German, whose Norwich symphony (No. 2, in A minor) was received with deafening applause. This remarkably clever work was performed in a manner that reflected the highest credit upon Dr. Mackenzie and his orchestra, and, at the close, the young composer was called to the platform to receive unanimous congratulations. Mr. Eugene Oudin was heard at his best in some songs by Tschakowsky and César Franck, being evidently none the worse for his operatic exertions at St. Petersburg.

Josef Hofmann gave his first recital at St. James's Hall, on Saturday, May 5, before an audience eager to learn what sort of progress the lad had made since his last appearance there as a wonder-child in the autumn of 1887. The result was in every way satisfactory. It furnished the exception that proves the rule. Josef Hofmann was rescued in the nick of time, and the ten-year-old phenomenon, by dint of careful nursing and unexceptionable training, has developed into an artist who has every chance of taking his place at an early date among the great pianists of the age. His studies under Rubinstein for the past two or three years have given him not only a marvellous technique but that pure legitimate style, clearness of conception, and breadth and vigour of execution which were among the finest of his master's attributes. He has an exquisite touch, and if his interpretation of Beethoven and Schumann still bears traces of juvenility, he has at least learnt the secret of rendering Chopin with delightful refinement and poetry of feeling. Altogether, therefore, the reappearance of little Hofmann may be reckoned among the pleasant and notable events of the musical season.

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The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance at the theatre, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.
The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic achieved a success equal to that of his best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchesse of Leuchtenberg.
The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Monteban and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Andon, Quere, and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Schmirch and Messrs. Melchisedec and Queyria; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment," and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle. Elven, M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque, fils.
In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.
There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey. Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Steck.
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Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the company of lions and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, J. Lafont, Detaille, and Barrias, of the Institut, Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carolus Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.
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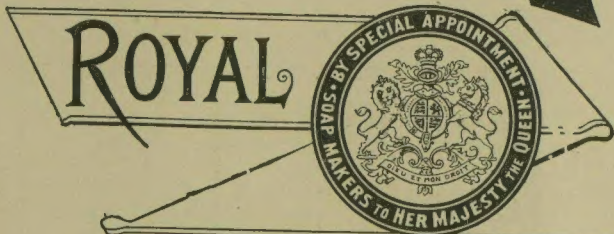
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CONTENTS:—THE MISSING BAG: A Complete Story—INTRODUCTION TO THE 'SECRET OF HEALTH'—GUIDE TO HOME NURSING—GUIDE TO NURSING IN INFECTIOUS ILLNESSES—OUR DUTY TO OUR NEIGHBOUR—CHOLERA: HOW TO PREVENT IT—SPECIAL CHAPTER—A WORD OF WARNING—SICK DIET AND FEEDING THE SICK—USEFUL HINTS FOR HEADS OF FAMILIES.

LEVER BROTHERS, Limited, Port Sunlight, nr. Birkenhead, have received the accompanying Report on LIFEBUOY ROYAL DISINFECTANT SOAP, from Dr. Karl Enoch, Chemisch, Hygienisches Inst., Hamburg.

REPORT.

The examination of the sample of 'Lifebuoy Royal Disinfectant Soap' furnished to me by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, of Port Sunlight, England, gives the following results as to its action as a disinfectant.

Solutions of 1, 2, and 5 per cent. of Lifebuoy Royal Disinfectant Soap in water were made. These solutions were brought to bear on a variety of clean cultivated germs or microbes (Bacillus), in each case a certain exact time being allowed for the operation; and thus the capacity of this soap for destroying the various live and growing germs was proved.

THE RESULTS were as follows:

1.—The obstinate Typhoid Microbes, with the 5 per cent. solution, were dead within two hours.

2.—The operation of this soap on the Cholera Microbes was very remarkable, and showed this soap to be in the highest degree a disinfectant. These were taken from persons who had died of Cholera in Hamburg, and showed a result as follows:—

With the 2 per cent. mixture, Cholera Microbes were dead within 15 minutes. With the 5 per cent. same were dead within 5 minutes.

3.—The Diphtheria Microbes were killed after 2 hours with the 5 per cent. solution.

4.—The 5 per cent. solution was tried on fresh Carbuncle germs, and the result showed that the Microbe life was entirely extinct after 4 hours.

From the foregoing experiments it will be seen that the Lifebuoy Royal Disinfectant Soap is a powerful disinfectant and exterminator of the various germs and microbes of disease.

(Signed) KARL ENOCH, Chem. Hygien. Inst., Hamburg.

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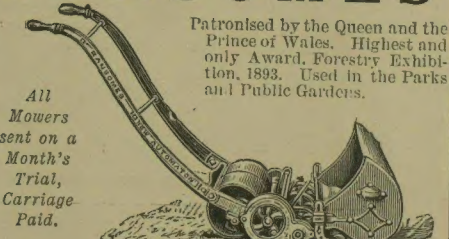
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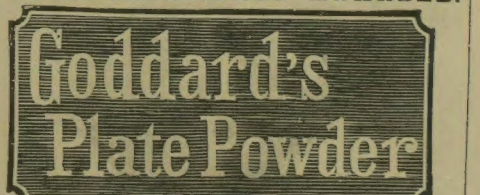
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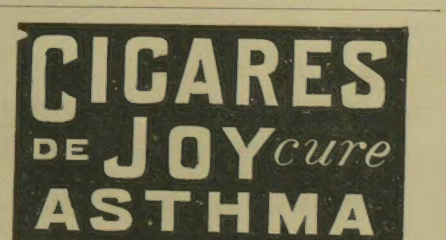
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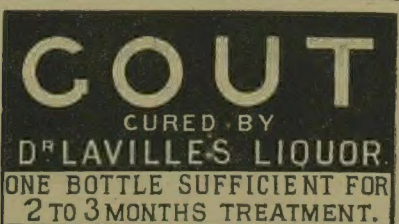
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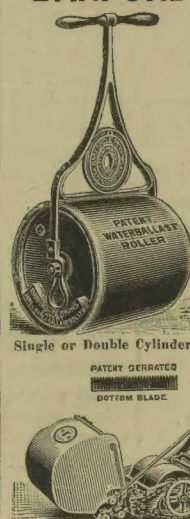
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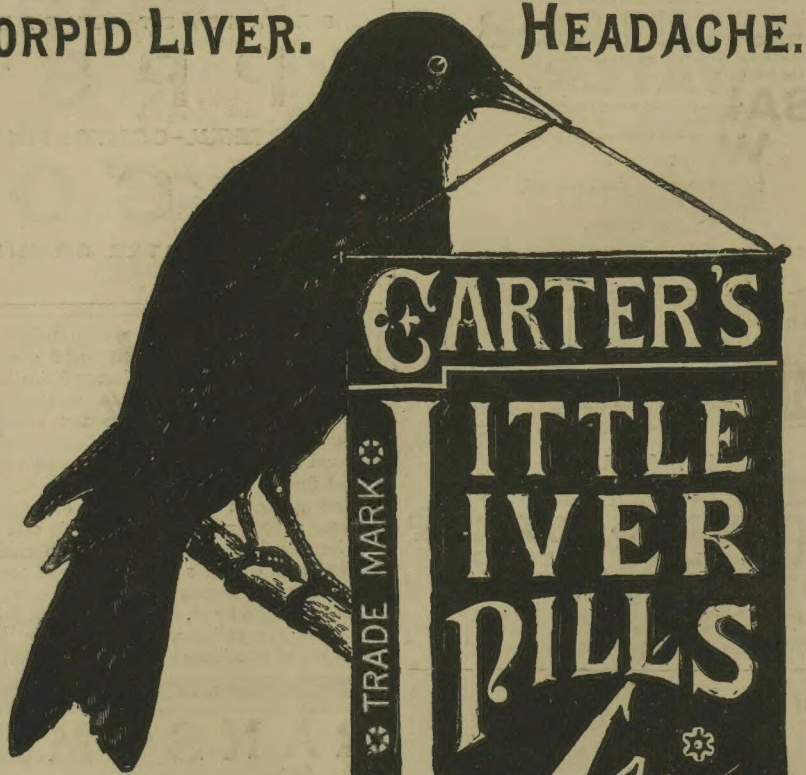
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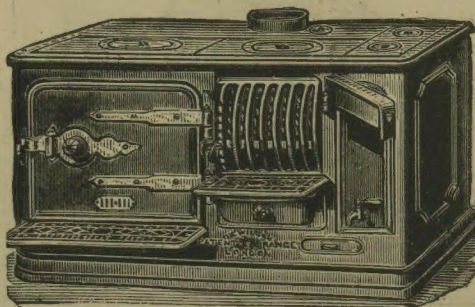
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